

101ST AIRBORNE DIVISION SONGBOOK

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GOD BLESS AMERICA

God Bless America, Land that I love.
Stand beside her and guide her
Thru the night with the light from above.
From the mountains to the praries
To the oceans white with foam.
God Bless America, my home sweet home,
God Bless America, my home sweet home.

THIS IS MY COUNTRY

VERSES

What difference if I hail from North or South
Or from the East or West
My heart is filled with love for all of these
I only know I swell with pride, and deep within my breast
I thrill to see "Old Glory" point the breeze.

With hand upon my heart I thank the Lord
For this my native Land
For all I love is here within her gates
My soul is rooted deeply in the soil on which I stand
For these are mine, my own United States.

CHORUS

This is my country, Land of my birth
This is my country, grandest on earth
I pledge thee my allegiance, America the bold
For this is my country to Have and to Hold.

IT'S A GRAND OLD FLAG

You're a grand old flag, you're a high-flying flag,
And forever in peace may you wave.
You're the emblem of the land I love,
The home of the free and the brave.
Every heart beats true for the Red, White, and Blue.
And there's never a boast nor a brag.
Should old acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eyes on the grand old Flag.

MY COUNTRY, 'TIS OF THEE

My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride, From every mountainside,
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee, Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love, I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze, and ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song; Let mortals tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our Fathers' God, to Thee, Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light, Protect us by Thy might,

THE SAINTS GO MARCHING IN

And when the Saints go marching in,
And when the Saints go marching in,
Lord, how I want to be in that number,
When the Saints go marching in.

And when the revelation comes,
And when the revelation comes,
Lord, how I want to be in that number,
When the revelation comes.

(similarly:)

And when the new world is revealed.

And when the sun refuse to shine.

And when the moon has turned to blood.

And when they gather round the throne.

And when they crown him King of Kings.

And on that hallelujah day.

And when the Saints go marching in.

FOLLOW ME

CHORUS

You can hear it in the heat of the jungle,
You can hear it across the sea.
It calls to ev'ry freedom loving man
The cry of the U.S. Infantry.
"Follow Me, Follow Me."

From Concord Bridge to Ang Ke, Through swamps and mountains
and sand,
They fight and die where brave men lie, Against all tyrants they stand.

These men are strong as the land they love, They've fought through
history.
Because of them in the years to come, All children will be free.

They march by land, They drop by air, Victorious they will see.
The world rebuilt as all men dare to follow the Infantry.

(Shouted after the last time through chorus:)

I WANT TO BE AN AIRBORNE RANGER! E-AH! FOLLOW ME! YAH!

WINGS OF THE EAGLE

Wings of the Eagle is our cry
As we fly the Eagles through the sky
Gunships and rockets hit the spot
And Smokeys there when the L. Z. 's hot.

CHORUS

We are Lucky Eagle's Boys
Yes we are, oh yes we are
We're Screaming Eagle's joy
Yes we are, oh yes we are
Yes we are, oh yes we are
Gunships, Loches, Huey, too
The old hook and crane to mention a few
It's the only way if you have to go
And we're here to let you know.
From old Saigon to Hue-Phu Bai
Charley fears soldiers from the sky
And everytime the V. C. try
It's ten to one he's gonna die.

ANCHORS AWEIGH

Anchors a-weigh, my boys, anchors a-weigh
Farewell to college joys,
We sail at break of day -ay -ay.
To our last night on shore;
Drink to the foam,
Until we meet once more
Here's wishing you a happy voyage home.

THE ARMORED SONG

Hail to thee old armored center
With your tanks of steel
May your treads forever rumble
Over dusty fields.
Firepower and shock action and mobility
You'd be totally ineffective
Without infantry.

THE INFANTRY SCHOOL ALMA MATER

High above the Chattahooche and the Oconee
Stands our Dear old Alma Mater
Benning School for Boys
Onward ever backwards never
Next of kin goodbye
To the Port of Embarkation
Follow me and die.

THE AIR CORPS SONG

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun.
Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder,
At em boys, give her the gun, give 'er the gun.
Down we dive, shooting our flame from under,
Off with one helluva roar.
We'll live in fame, or go down in flame;
For nothing can stop the Army Air Corps.

Here's a Toast to the host of -
Those who love the vastness of the sky;
To a friend we send a message of his brother men who fly.
We drink to those who gave their all of old,
Then down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
A toast to the host of -
Men we boast the Army Air Corps

MARINE HYMN

From the halls of Montezuma
To the shores of Tripoli,
We fight our country's battles
On the land and on the sea.
First to fight for right and freedom
And to keep our honor clean,
We are proud to claim the title of
United States Marines.

Our flag's unfurled to every breeze
From dawn to setting sun,
We've fought in every clime and place
Where we could take a gun
In the snows of far off northern lands
And the sunny tropic scenes,
You will always find us on the job
The United States Marines.

Here's health to you and to our corps,
Which we are proud to serve;
In many a strife we have fought for life
And never lost our nerve.
If the Army and the Navy
Ever gaze on Heaven's scenes,
They will find the streets well guarded
By United States Marines.

THE ARMY TEAM

The Army team's the pride and dream
Of every heart in gray,
The Army line you'll ever find
A terror in the fray;
And when the team is fighting
For the Black and Gray and Gold,
We're always here with song and cheer
And this is the tale we're told:

The Army Team
(Whistle)
Rah Rah Rah Boom!

On brave old Army team
On to the fray
Fight on to victory,
For that's the fearless Army way.

THE CAISSON SONG (FIELD ARTILLERY SONG)

Over hill, over dale, we have hit the dusty trail,
And those caissons go rolling along
"Countermarch" "Right about!"
Hear those wagon soldiers shout,
While those caissons go rolling along.
For it's Hi-hi-hee! in the Field Artillery
Call off your numbers loud and strong
(Spoken: - ONE, TWO)
And where 'er we go, you will always know,
That those caissons go rolling along
(Spoken: - "Keep 'em rolling")
That those caissons go rolling along.

To the front, day and night, where the doughboys dig and fight,
And those caissons go rolling along.
Our barrage will be there, fired on the rockets flare,
There those caissons go rolling along.

ALL AMERICAN SOLDIER (82ND AIRBORNE DIVISION SONG)

Oh, we're all Americans and proud to be,
For we're the soldiers of liberty
Some ride the gliders to the enemy,
Others are proud paratroopers.

We're all Americans and fight we will,
Till all the guns of the foe are still,
Airborne, the skies of blue,
We're coming thru, Pick 'em up, Pick 'em up.

Let's go, put on your boots and parachute,
Get all those gliders ready to attack today,
For we'll be gone, into the dawn,
We'll fight them all, the 82d way.

ARMY BLUE

We've not much longer here to stay,
For in a month or two,
We'll bid farewell to Kaydet gray,
And don the Army blue.

Army blue, Army blue,
Hoorah for the Army blue.
We'll bid farewell to Kaydet gray,
And don the Army blue.

With pipe and song we'll jog along,
Till these short months are through,
Then all within our jovial throng,
Will don the Army blue.

Army blue, Army blue,
Hoorah for the Army blue.
We'll bid farewell to Kaydet gray,
And don the Army blue.

ARMY SONG

March along, sing our song, with the Army of the free.
Cout the brave, count the true, who have fought to victory.
We're the Army and proud of our name,
We're the Army and proudly proclaim:

CHORUS (REPEAT AFTER EACH VERSE)

Then it's hi, hi, hey. The Army's on its way.
Count off the cadence loud and strong.
For where 'er we go, you will always know,
That the Army goes rolling along.

First to fight for the right, and to build the nations might,
And the Army goes rolling along.
Proud of all we have done, fighting till the battle's won,
And the Army goes rolling along.

Men in rags, men who froze, still that Army met its foes,
And the Army went rolling along.
Faith in God, then we're right, and we'll fight with all our might,
As the Army keeps rolling along.

Valley Forge, Custer's ranks, San Juan Hill and Patton's tanks
And the Army goes rolling along.
Minute men from the heart, always fighting from the heart,
And the Army goes rolling along.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the Grapes of Wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah.
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah.
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah.
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires,
Of a hundred circling camps;
They have built Him an Altar in the
Evening dew and damp;
I can read His righteous sentence,
By the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.

CHORUS

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd
Rows of steel.
"As ye deal with my contemners,
So with you my grace shall deal."
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
With his heel,
Since God is marching on.

CHORUS

He has sounded forth the trumpet,
That shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men,
Before His Judgement-Seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him,
Be jubilant my feet,
Our God is marching on.

CHORUS

In the beauty of the Lillies,
Christ was born across the sea;
With a glory in his bosom,
That transfigures you and me.
As he died to make men holy,
Let us die to make men free;
While God is marching on.

CHORUS

BEAUTIFUL STREAMER

Beautiful streamer, Open for me,
Blue skies above me and no canopy.
Counted nine thousand, waited too long.
Reached for my rip cord,
The darn thing was gone.

Beautiful streamer, why must it be?
White silk above me is what I should see.
Just like my brother that looks over me.
To hell with the rip cord,
'Twas not made for me.

Beautiful streamer, follow me down,
Time is elapsing and here is the ground.
Six hundred feet and then I can tell,
If I'll go to heaven or end up in Hell.

Beautiful streamer, this is the end.
Gabriel is blowing, my body won't mend.
ALL you jump-happy sons of a guns,
Take this last warning, as jumping's no fun.

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKY

On top of old Smoky, all cover'd with snow,
I lost my true lover, for courtin' too slow.
A courtin's a pleasure, a flirtin's a grief,
A false hearted lover is worse than a thief.
For a theif, he will rob you, and take what you have,
But a false-hearted lover, will send you to your grave.
She'll hug you and kiss you, and tell you more lies,
Than cross-ties on a railroad, or stars in the sky.
On top of old Smoky, all covered with snow,
I lost my true lover, a-courtin' too slow.

SCREAMING EAGLES

We have a rendezvous with destiny,
Our strength and courage strike the spark,
That will always make men free.
Jump right down thru the skies of blue,
Keep your eyes on the job to be done,
We're the men of the hundred-first
We'll fight till the battle's won.

Screaming Eagles diving from the sun,
Striking boldly from the air;
Now's the time to jump, look out below,
Stand up. Hook up. Screaming Eagles go.

THE INFANTRY

Our Army is a motley crew,
In dress and armor duties, too;
And each and all I love to see.
Tho' most I prize the Infantry,
In tented field, in ladies' bower,
Alike they shine, all fear their power;
Though other corps are dear to us,
Yet most I love the Infantry.

CHORUS

The Infantry. The Infantry.
Who would not love the Infantry;
Though other corps are dear to me,
Yet most I love the Infantry.
The Engineer, with science crowned,
In action traces out the ground;
Artill'ry, at a distance play,
And troopers often clear the way --
A skirmish sharp, a pistol shot,
The quick retreat in rapid trot;
The foe advances, light and free,
Who meets them now: The Infantry.

CHORUS

And see the gallant host move on,
Their bay'nets glitt'ring in the sun;
On, On, it holds its glorious way,
Though death-shots madly round it play;
Their comrades slain, their banners torn,
Those noble hearts still proudly form;
And hark, a shout, 'tis victory.
Who would not love the Infantry?

THE INFANTRY SONG (Continued)

Now listen unto this my song: I'm a warrior,
Bold, you see.
I'm a fighter and hiker in the U. S. Infantry.
I stand erect with heels in line,
(I'm used to war's alarm)
With gun and belt and haversack; 'tis the pose
Of the fighting man.

CHORUS

So fill your glasses with cold beer,
And brace your courage with good cheer.
I tell you all it's soldiering,
To serve in the Infantry.

The cavalry man may be fierce and bold,
And a soldier through and through.
But he leaves his horse when off to war;
'Tis what he hates to do.
He lays aside his boots and spurs.
But never can he be,
A fighting, hiking Army man,
Like the soldier of the Infantry.

CHORUS

The soldiers of the cavalry had horses,
Fine and grand;
They went to drill and stables accompanied
By the band.
But when the Army went to war,
An island fair to free,
The cavalry left their horses home,
And fought as the Infantry.

CHORUS

WALTZING MATILDA

Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong
Under the shade of a coolibah tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Mattilda ,
You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!
And he sang as he watched and waited till his billy boiled,
"You'll come a-waltzing Matilda with me!"

Down came a jumbuck to drink at the billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he stowed that bumbuck in his tucker bag,

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers one, two, three,
"Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker bag?"

Up jumped the swagman, sprang into the billabong.
"You'll never catch me alive," said he
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong.

A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN

Now a man without a woman is like a
ship without a sail,
Is like a boat without a rudder, or a shirt
without a tail.

Now a man without a woman is like a
wreck upon the sand;
But if there's one thing worse in this universe,
then it's a woman, I said a woman,
I mean a woman without a man.

ST JAMES INFIRMARY

I went down to the St. James Infirmary;
To see my baby there,
She was lyin' on a long white table,
So sweet, so cool, so fair.

Went up to see the doctor,
"She's very low," he said;
Went back to see my baby;
Good God! She's lyin' there dead.

Let her go, let her go, God bless her;
Wherever she may be;
She may search this wide world over
An' never find a better man than me.

Oh, when I die, please bury me
In my high-tom Stetson hat;
Put a twenty - dollar gold piece on my watch chain
So my friends 'll know I died standin' pat.

I went down to old Joe's barroom,
On the corner by the square;
They were serving the drinks as usual,
And the usual crowd was there.

On my left stood old Joe McKennedy,
And his eyes were bloodshot red;
He turned to the crowd around him,
These are the words he said;

Get six gamblers to carry my coffin,
Six chorus girls to sing me a song,
Put a twenty-piece jazz band on my
tail gate
To raise Hell as we go along.

FRANKIE AND JOHNNIE

Frankie and Johnnie were lovers, oh, Lordie how they could love!
They swore to be true to each other, just as true as the stars above,
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie and Johnnie went walking, John in his brand new suit.
Then, "Oh, good Lawd," says Frankie, "don't my Johnnie look real cute!"
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie, she was a good woman, and Johnnie was a good man,
And every dollar that she made went right into Johnnie's hand,
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner, just for a bucket of beer.
She said to the fat bartender, "Has my lovinest man been here?"
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

"I don't want to cause you no trouble, I don't want to tell you no lie;
But I saw your man an hour ago, with a gal named Alice Bly,
And if he's your man, he's a-doin you wrong."

Frankie looked over the transom, and found, to her great surprise,
That there on the bed sat Johnnie, a-lovin' up Alice Bly.
He was her man, but he done her wrong.

Frankie drew back her kimono; she took out her little forty-four;
Root-a-toot-toot, three times she shot right through that hardwood floor,
She shot her man, 'cause he done her wrong.

"Roll me over easy, roll me over slow,
Roll me on de right side, 'cause de bullet hurt me so.
I was her man, but I done her wrong."

The judge said to the jury, "It's as plain as plain can be;
This woman shot her lover; it's murder in the second degree.
He was her man, though he done her wrong."

This story has no moral; this story has no end.
This story only goes to show that there ain't no good in men.
They'll do you wrong, just as sure as you're born.

OLD MACDONALD

Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O.
And on this farm he had some chicks, E-I-E-I-O.
With a chick chick here, and a chick chick there,
Here a chick, there a chick, everywhere a chick chick,
Old MacDonald had a farm, E-I-E-I-O.

2. Ducks-quack quack

3. Turkeys-gobble gobble

4. Pigs-oink oink

5. Ford-rattle rattle

6. Wife-yakity yak

(Repeat third and fourth lines of each verse previously sung)

OLD KING COLE

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his privates three.
"Beer, beer, beer, " cried the privates,
"Merry, merry men are we,
There's none so fair as can compare
With the King's artillery. "

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his corporals three.
"One-two-one-two-one, " said the corporals,
"Beer, beer, beer, " said the privates,
"Merry, merry men are we, (etc.)

(Similarly, after each verse repeat verses previously sung.)

"Right by squads by right, " said the sergeants.
"We do all the work, " said the shavetails.
"We want thirty day's leave, " said the captains.
"Bring my boots and spurs, " said the majors.
"The Army's shot to hell, " said the colonels.
"Shine my goddamn boots, " said the generals.
"Praise the Lord that's all, " said the chaplains.

SMOKY MOUNTAIN

Out on ol' Smoky,
ol' Smoky so low,
I lost my true lover,
by courting too slow.

Oh courtin's a pleasure,
and parting's a grief,
A false-hearted lover
is wuss than a theif.

A thief he will rob you,
and take all yew hev,
But a false-hearted lover
will lead yew to the grave.

The grave it will take yew
and turn yew to dust;
There ain't one boy in a million
a poor girl kin trust.

They'll hug yew and kiss yew,
and tell yew more lies,
Than the spikes in a railroad,
or the stars in the skies.

They'll tell yew they love yew,
to give you heart's ease,
And then when your back's turned,
they'll court whom they please.

It's rainin', it's hailin',
it's a dark stormy night;

Your horses cain't travel,
'cause the stars give no light.

Put up your horses,
and feed them some hay;
Come set hyar beside me,
fer's long's yew kin stay.

My horses ain't hungry,
they won't eat your hay;
My wagon's all loaded,
I'll feed on my way.

Your folks, they don't like me,
they say I'm too poor,
They say I'm not worthy
To enter your door.

They say I drink whiskey;
my money is my own.
If the old folks don't like me,
they can leave me alone.

As sure as the dewdrops
fall on the green corn.
Last night he war with me,
tonight, he is gorn.

I'll go back to ol' Smoky,
ol' Smoky so high,
Where the wild birds and turtle doves
kin hear my sad cry.

THE SHIP TITANIC

Oh, they built the ship Titanic, to sail the ocean blue,
And they thought they had a ship that the water would never leak through,
But the Lord's almighty hand knew this ship would never stand.
It was sad when that great ship went down.
Oh, it was sad, Lord, sad; oh it was sad, Lord, sad;
It was sad when that great ship went down, to the bottom of the--
Husbands and wives, little children lost their lives,
It was sad when that great ship wen down.
Oh, they sailed from England, and were almost to shore,
When the rich refused to associate with the pore,
So they put them down below, where they were first to go.

THE SHIP TITANIC CONT'D

The boat was full of sin, and the sides about to burst,
When the captain shouted, "A-women and children first"
Oh, the captain tried to wire, but the lines were all on fire

Oh, they swung the lifeboats out o'er the deep and raging sea,
When the band struck up with, "A-nearer My God to Thee."
Little children wept and cried, as the waves swept o'er the side.

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my true love sits him down, sits him
down,
And drinks his wine as merry as canbe,
And never, never thinks of me.

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, do not let
this parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends must
part, must part.
Adieu, adieu kind friends, yes adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
I'll hang my heart on the weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to
spark,
And now my love who once was true to me,
takes this dark damsel to his knee.

And now I see him nevermore, nevermore;
He never knocks upon my door, on my door;
Oh, woe is me; he pinned a little note,
And these were all the words he wrote:

Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and
deep;
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and
feet,
And on my breast you may carve a turtle dove,
To Signify I died for love.

RED RIVER VALLEY

From this valley they say you are going,
We will miss your bright eyes and sweet smile,
For they say you are taking the sunshine
Which has brightened our pathway a while.

Come and sit by my side if you love me;
Do not hasten to bid me adieu,
But remember the Red River Valley,
And the girl that has loved you so true.

Won't you think of the valley you're leaving?
Oh, how lonely and sad it will be,
Oh think of the fond heart you're breaking,
And the grief you are causing to me.

From this valley they say you are going;
When you go, may your darling go too?
Would you leave her behind unprotected,
When she loves no other but you?

As you go to your home by the ocean,
May you never forget those sweet hours,
That we spent in the Red River Valley,
And the love we exchanged 'mid the flowers.

FOGGY FOGGY DEW

When I was a bachelor I lived all alone,
I worked at the weaver's trade;
And the only, only thing that I did wrong,
Was to woo a fair young maid.
I wooed in the wintertime
And in the summer too;
And the only thing I did that was wrong,
Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she knelt close by my side,
When I was fast asleep.
She threw her arms around my neck,
And then began to weep.
She wept, she cried, she tore her hair,
Ah me, what could I do?

FOGGY FOGGY DEW CON'D

So all night long I held her in my arms
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Again I am a bachelor, I live with my son,
We work at the weaver's trade;
And every single time I look into his eyes
He reminds me of the fair young maid.
He reminds me of the wintertime
And of the summer too;
And the many, many times that I held her
in my arms,
Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

THE BLUE-TAIL FLY

When I was young I used to wait
On master and gave him his plate,
And pass the bottle when he got dry
And brush away the blue-tail fly.

Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,
Jimmie crack corn and I don't care,
My master's gone away.

And when he'd ride in the afternoon,
I'd follow after with a hickory broom;
The pony being rather shy
When bitten by the blue-tail fly.

One day he rode around the farm;
The flies so numerous they did swarm,
One danced to bit him on the thigh,
The devil take the blue-tail fly.

The pony ran, he jump, he pitch,
He threw my master in the ditch.
He died, and the jury wondered why -
The verdict was the blue-tail fly.

They laid him under a 'simmons tree;
His epitaph is there to see:

THAT'S WHERE MY MONEY GOES

That's where my money goes, to buy my baby clothes,
I buy her everything to keep he in style.
She's worth her weight in gold, my coal black baby,
Say boys, that's where my money goes.

When we go walking', she does the talkin',
And when my arm's around her, how time does fly.
She does the teasin', I do the squeezing,
Say boys, that's where my money goes.

She's got a pair of eyes just like two custard pies,
And when she looks at me I sure ge a thrill,
She's got a pair of lips, just like potato chips.

She's got a pair of legs just like two whiskey legs,
And when they knock together, oh what a sound!
She's got a pair of hips just like two battleships.
She got a bulbous nose, just like a big red rose,
And when the lights go out, it really does shine,
She wears silk underwear, I wear my latest pair

RAGGED BUT RIGHT

I just called up to tell you that I'm ragged but right,
A theif and a gamblin' woman, drunk every night.
I order porterhouse steak three times a day for my board,
That's more than any ordinary gal can afford.
I got a big handsome man to play around at my feet,
A big electric fan to keep me cool when I sleep.
For I'm a ramblin' woman, a gamblin' woman, and Lord am I tight,
I just called up to tell you that I'm ragged but right.

My big handsome man he left me flat on the floor,
I have him all my love and how could he ask for more;
I gave him all my love and how could he ask for more;
I gave him my last quarter for to buy him a drink,
He took me to the door and then, well, what do you think?
He said, "Go home to your mother and then tell her for me,
I'm hittin' the road because I want to be free.
You're just a ramblin' woman, a gmblin' woman, and drunk every night,
And you can tell your mother that you're ragged but right."

Oh we may be brown-skinned lassies but we don't give a care,
We've got those well built chassies and that do-or-die-air;
We've got the hips that sank the ships of England, Spain, and Peru,
And if you're like Naploëon it's your Waterloo.
We'll take a fifteen-minute intermission in your V-8.

THE PERSIAN KITTY

A Persian kitty, perfumed and fair,
Strolled out on a backyard fence for air,
When a tomcat, lean and lithe and strong,
Dirty and yaller, came strolling along.

He sniffed at the perfumed persian cat,
As she strutted around with much eclat,
And a-thinkin' the time to pass,
He whispered, "Kiddo, you sure got class".

"Tis fittin and proper" was her reply,
As she arched her whiskers over he eye,
I am ribboned, sleep on pillows of silk,
And I daily bathe in certified milk"

"But I'm not content with what I've got,
I ought to be happy, but happy I'm not;
I should be joyful, yes, I should indeed,
For I'll have you know, I'm highly pedigreed. "

"Now, hark, said the tomcat with a smile,
You must trust in your new found friend for awhile,
You must abandon you backyard fence,
My dear, what you lack is experience. "

The joys of living he then unfurled,
As he told her tales of the outside world,
And then suggested with a leering laugh,
A trip for two down the primrose path.

The morning after the night before,
The cat came home at the hour of four,
The innocent look from her face had went,
And in its place was a smile of content.

Two months later the kittens came,
To that Persian kitty of pedigreed fame;
They were not Persian, they were black and tan,
And she told them their pa was a travelin' man.

EE-LEE-AY-LEE-OH

Gather 'round, my dears, pull the wool out of your ears,
And the wonders of the sea I will expound.
You can tell I am a sailor 'cause I wear a sailor's hat;
Six times I have been shipwrecked and found drowned.

So we lowered the funnel, stopped the ship, and reefed the cable chain;
We heaved the cargo overboard, and hauled it back again;
We hoisted the mainsail up aloft the stormy winds do blow;
With the crew in the hatch, the ship struck a match and ee-lee-ay-lee-oh!

On a borrowed foreign craft, silver-plated fore and aft,
With a cargo of fried eggs we did embark,
And we were not long at sea before we struck a Christmas tree.
So we had to eat our supper in the dark.

While cruising 'round the cape we had a marvelous escape;
The wind blew off the captain's wooden leg,
And he fell down on the deck where he nearly broke his neck
And we had to bathe his foot in ham and eggs.

While the mate lay in his bunk, this ill-fated vessel sunk,
And we all rushed up on deck to see the fun;
For the shore we made our tracks with the cargo on our backs,
And we sat and dried our whiskers in the sun.

PERSONAL FRIEND OF MINE

You can easily see she's not my mother,
'Cause my mother's over forty-nine.
You can easily see she's not my sister,
'Cause I never showed my sister such a
wonderful time,
You can easily see she's not my sweetheart,
'Cause my sweetheart's too refined.
She's just a slip of a kid, she didn't know
what she did;
She's just a personal friend of mine.

GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN

Go tell it on the mountain, over the hills and everywhere.
Go tell it on the mountain, that Jesus Christ is-a born.

'Twas in a lowly manger that Jesus Christ was born;
The Lord sent down an angel that bright and glorious morn.

When I was a sinner, I prayed both night and day;
I asked the Lord to help me, and he showed me the way.

When I was a seeker, I sought both night and day.
I asked my Lord to help me, and He taught me to pray.

He made me a watchman upon the city wall;
And if I am a Christian, I am the least of all.

AIN'T GWINE STUDY WAR NO MORE

Gwine to lay down my sword and shield, down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside, down by the riverside.

Gwine to lay down my sword and shield, down by the riverside,
Ain't gwine study war no more.

I ain't gwine study was no more, ain't gwine study war no more,
ain't gwine study war no more. (repeat)

Gwine to stick my sword in the golden sand, down by the riverside,
Down by the riverside, down by the riverside.
Gwine to stick my sword in the golden sand, down by the riverside,
Ain't gwine study war no more.

Gwine to put on my long white robe, down by the riverside, etc.

Gwine to put on my starry crown, down by etc.

Gwine to put on my golden shoes,

Gwine to ride on my milk white horse,

Gwine to talk with the Prince of Peace,

OLD SMOKEY

Way down in Seoul City
I met a Miss Lee
She said for a short time
You come sleep with me

We went to her houchi
A room with hot floor
We left our shoes outside
And slid shut the door

She took off her long johns
And unrolled the pad
I gave her ten thousand
T'was all that I had

Her breath smelled of Kimchi
Her bosom was flat
No hair on her pussy
Now how about that

I asked to go Benjo
She led me outside
I reached for Ole Smokey
He crawled back inside

I rushed to the Medics
Screamed what will I do
The Doc was dumfounded
Ole Smokey was blue

If you're in Seoul City
On your next three day pass
Don't go to Lee's houchi
Sit flat on your ass

Your ass may get tender
And Lee may tempt you
But better a red ass
Than an Ole Smokey blue.

BLOOD UPON THE RISERS

Is everybody happy, cried the sergeant looking up
Our hero feebly answered yes, and then they stood him up
He leaped right out into the blast, his static line unhooked
He ain't gonna jump no more

He counted long, he counted loud, he waited for the shock
He felt the wind, he felt the breeze, he felt the awful drop
He jerked his cord, the silk spilled out and wrapped around his legs
He ain't gonna jump no more

The risers wrapped around his neck, connectors cracked his dome
The lines were snarled and tied in knots around his skinny bones
The canopy became his shroud, he hurtled toward the ground
He ain't gonna jump no more

The days he's lived and loved and laughed kept running through his mind
He thought about the girl back home, the one he'd left behind
He thought about the medics, and wondered what they'd find
He ain't gonna jump no more

The ambulance was on the spot, the jeeps were running wild
The medics jumped and screamed with glee, they rolled their
sleeves and smiled
For it had been a week or more since last a chute had failed
He ain't gonna jump no more

He hit the ground, the sound was splat, his blood went spurting high
His comrades then were heard to say, a helluva way to die
He lay there rolling round, in the welter of his gore
He ain't gonna jump no more

There was blood upon the risers, there were brains upon the chute
Intestines were a-dangling from his paratrooper's boots
They picked him up still in his chute and poured him from his boots
He ain't gonna jump no more

CHORUS

Gory, Gory what a helluva way to die
Gory, Gory what a helluva way to die
Gory, Gory what a helluva way to die
And he ain't gonna jump no more

SWEET ADELINE

Sweet Adeline (Sweet Adeline)
My Adeline (My Adeline)
For you, dear heart
(For you, dear heart)
Alone I pine (Alone I pine)
In all my dreams
(In all my dreams)
Your fair face beams
(Your fair face beams)
You're the idol of my heart,
Sweet Adeline (Sweet Adeline).

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

You are my sunshine; my only sunshine.
You make me happy when skies are grey.
You'll never know, dear,
How much I love you,
Please don't take my sunshine away.

The other night dear as I lay sleeping,
I dreamt I held you in my arms.
When I awoke dear I was mistaken
So I hung my head and cried.

THE BAND PLAYED ON

Casey would waltz with a strawberry blonde,
And the band played on;
He'd glide across the floor with the girl he ador'd,
And the band played on;
But his brain was so loaded it nearly exploded,
The poor girl would shake with alarm
He married the girl with the strawberry curl,
And the band played on.

IF YOU KNEW SUZIE

If you knew Suzie, like I know Suzie
Oh, Oh, Oh what a gal,
There's none so classy
As this fair lassie
Oh, Oh, holy moses what a chasis
We went riding, she didn't balk
A darned stout lady,
I'm the one who had to walk
If you knew Suzie like I know Suzie,
Oh, Oh what a gal.

ALICE BLUE GOWN

In my sweet little Alice Blue Gown
When I first wandered down into town,
I was both proud and shy,
As I felt every eye,
But in every shop window
I'd primp passing by;
Then in manner of fashion I'd frown
And the world seemed to smile all around,
Till it wilted I wore it,
I'll always adore it,
My sweet little Alice Blue Gown.

OH! SUSANNA

I came from Alabama, wid
My banjo on my knee,
I'm g'wan to Louisiana,
My true love for to see,
It rained all night de day I left,
De weather it was dry,
De sun so hot I froze to death;
Susanna, don't you cry.

Oh! Susana, oh! Don't you cry for me,
I've come from Alabama, wid
My banjo on my knee.

FRIVOLOUS SAL

They call her frivolous Sal
A peculiar sort of a gal
With a heart that was mellow
An all round good fellow
Was my gal Sal.
Your sorrows, and troubles and cares,
She was always willing to share.
A wild sort of Devil, but dead on the level
Was my gal Sal.

LITTLE ANNIE ROONEY

She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau,
She's my Annie; I'm her Joe.
Soon we'll marry, never to part,
Little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart.

ORPHAN ANNIE

Who's the little chatter box,
The one with curly auburn locks
Who could it be?
It's little Orphan Annie.
She and Sandy make a pair;
They never seem to have a care
Cute little she,
It's little Orphan Annie.
Bright eyes, always on the go;
There's a store of healthiness handy.
Bright eyes, such a healthy glow,
If you want to know
ARF! There's Sandy.
Always wears a sunny smile;
Now wouldn't it be worth your while,
If you could be like
Little Orphan Annie.

MCNAMARA'S BAND

Oh my name is McNamara
I'm the leader of the band
Altho we're few in number
We're the finest in the land Ohhh
We play at wakes and weddings
And at every fancy ball
And when we play at funerals
We play the March from Saul.

Oh the drums go bang, the cymbals clang
And the horns do blaze away
McCarthy plays the old bassoon
While I the pipes do play
Hennessee, Tennessee toddles the flute
The music is something grand
A credit to old Ireland boys
Is McNamara's band,
 Ta la la tum, etc.

Oh my name is Uncle Ulius
And from Svden I did come
To play in McNamara's band
And beat the big base drum
Oh, when I go walking down the street
The ladies think I'm grand
For I'm the dizziest looking Swede
In McNamara's band.

Right now we are regearsing
For a very swell affair
We're gonna play the music
For the Dublin County fair
Oh, McCarthy plays the melody
And the chorus all joins in
And what we lack in music
We will cover up with din.

HORACE

Horace, Horace, here is your answer true
I'm not crazy over the likes of you
It won't be a stylish marriage
You can't afford a carriage
And I'll be damned
If I'll be cramped
On a bicycle built for two.

LUCILLE

Won't you come with me Lucille
In my merry Oldsmobile
Down the road of life we'll ride
Automobiling you and I.
And then to the church we'll steal
In my merry Oldsmobile
You can go as far as you like with me
In my merry Oldsmobile

WAIT TILL THE SUN SHINES NELLY

Wait 'till the Sun Shines Nelly
And the clouds go drifting by
We'll be so happy Nelly
Don't you cry.
Down Lover's lane we'll wander
Sweethearts you and I
So won't you wait
'Till the sun shines Nelly
By and by.

K-K-K-KATY

K-K-K-Katy, beautiful Katy,
You're the only G-G-G-Girl that I adore.
And when the M-M-M-Moon shines
Over the C-C-C-Cowshed
I'll be waiting at the K-K-K-Kitchen door.

QUEENIE

There's a burlesque theatre
Where the gang loves to go
To see Queenie the cutie of the burlesque show
And the thrill of the evening
Is when out Queenie skips
And the band plays the polka while she strips.

CHORUS

Take it off, take it off
Cry the boys from the rear
Down in front, down in front
Soon is all you can hear
But she's always a lady
Even in pantomime
So she stops, and always just in time
Queenie, queen of them all
Queenie, some day you'll fall
Some day church bells will ring
In strip polka time.

She's as fresh and as wholesome
As the flowers in May
And she hopes to retire to the farm some day
But you can't buy a farm
Until you're up in the chips
So the band plays the polka while she strips.

CHORUS

DAISY

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true
I'm half crazy over the love of you
It won't be a stylish marriage
We can't afford a carriage
But you'll look sweet
Upon the seat
Of a bicycle built for two.

AFTER THE BALL

After the ball is over;
After the break of morn.
After the dancers leaving;
After the stars are gone.
Many a heart is aching,
If you could read them all.
Many the hopes that have vanished,
After the ball.

RAMONA

Ramona, I hear the mission bells above,
Ramona, they're ringing out our song of love,
I press you, caress you,
And bless the day you taught me to care,
To always remember
The rambling rose you wear in your hair.
Ramona, when day is done
You'll hear my call
Ramona, we'll meet beside the waterfall,
I dread the dawn
When I awake to find you gone,
Ramona, I need you, my own.

MINNIE THE MERMAID

Many's the night I've spent
With Minnie the Mermaid
Down at the bottom of the sea.
There among the corals
I forgot my morals
Boy, but she was good to me.
And every night the little starfish came out
To spy on our rendez-vous
It was ashes to ashes
And dust to dust
If you don't like my figure
Take your hands off my . . . shoulder
Many's the night I've spent
With Minnie the Mermaid
Down at the bottom of the sea.

LILI MARLENE

Underneath the lamp post by the barrack gate,
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait,
She waits for the boy who marched away,
And tho he's gone she hears him say, Chorus:

CHORUS

Oh, promise you'll be true,
Fare-thee-well, Lili Marlene,
Till I return to you,
Fare-thee-well, Lili Marlene.

Underneath the lamp post by the barrack gate,
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait,
For this is the place a vow was made,
And breezes sing her serenade

CHORUS

Underneath the lamp post by the barrack gate,
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait,
And there in the lamp-light it is said,
A halo shines above her head

CHORUS

Underneath the lamp post by the barrack gate,
Standing all alone, every night you'll see her wait.
And as they go marching to the fray,
The soldiers all salute and say,
We'll tell him you've been true,
Fare-thee-well, Lili Marlene,
Till I return to you,
Fare-thee-well, Lili Marlene.

Vor der Kaserne, vor dem grofzen Tor,
Steht eine Laterne and steht sie noch davor.
Und wenn wir uns wiedersehn,
Vor der Laterne woll'n wir stehn,
Wie einst Lili Marlene,
Wie einst Lili Marlene.

CLEMENTINE

In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner,
And his daughter, Clementine.

Light she was, and like a feather,
And her shoes were number nine,
Sardine-boxes, without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.

Drove she ducklings to the water,
Every morning just at nine,
Stubbed her toe upon a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.

Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
Alas, for me! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

In a churchyard, near the canyon,
Where the myrtle doth entwine,
There grow roses, and other posies,
Fertilized by Clementine.

Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he 'oughter join his daughter,
Now he's with his Clementine.

In my dreams she oft doth haunt me,
With her garments soaked in brine,
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead I draw the line.

CHORUS

Oh, my darling, Oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling, Clementine,
Thou are lost and gone forever,
On, my darling, Clementine.

MARGIE

Margie, I'm always thinking of you,
Margie, I'll tell the world I love you,
Don't forget your promise to me,
I have bought a home and ring and everything for
Margie, you'll be my inspiration,
Days are never blue.
After all is said and done
There is really only one
Oh, Margie, Margie, It's you.

IDA

Ida, sweet as apple cider,
Sweeter than all I know.
Come out in the silvery moonlight,
These words I'll whisper
So soft and low.
Seems I can't live without you.
Listen my honey do
Ida, I idolize ya
I loves ya, Ida, deed I do.

DINAH

Dinah, is there anyone finer
In the state of Caroliner
If there is and you know her,
Show her to me, Oh,
Dinah, with her Dixie eyes blazin'
How I love to sit and gaze in --
To the eyes of Dinah Lee ... Now tell me,
Every night, why do I shake with fright?
Because my Dinah might
Change her mind about me, Oh,
Dinah, if you wander to China,
I would hop an ocean liner,
Just to be with Dinah Lee.

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
His soul is marching on.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
His soul is marching on.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
His soul is marching on.

They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,
They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,
They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,
As they go marching on.

CHORUS

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His soul is marching on!

SLUM N' GRAVY

Sons of slum and gravy,
Will you let the Navy
Take from us the victory? Hell no!
Hear a warrior's chorus,
Sweep that line before us,
Carry on to victory!
Onward! Onward! Charge against the foe
Forward! Forward! The Army banners go.
Sons of Mars and Thunder
Rip that line asunder,
Carry on to victory!

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP-GROUND

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer our weary hearts,
A song of home and friends we love so dear.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said, "Good-by!"

We are tired of war on the old camp ground;
Many are the dead and gone,
Of the brave and true who've left their homes;
Others been wounded long.

We've been fighting today on the old camp ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead, and some are dying --
Many are in tears.

CHORUS

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts, looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting tonight, Tenting tonight,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE

My wild Irish rose, The sweetest flower that grows,
You may search everywhere, but none can compare,
With my wild Irish rose.

My wild Irish rose, The dearest flower that grows,
And someday for my sake, she may let me take,
The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

DRINK! PUPPY! DRINK!

Here's to the fox
In his earth beneath the rocks,
And here's to the line that we follow,
And here's to the hound,
With his nose upon the ground,
The merrily we whoop and we holloa.

Here's to the horse
And the rider, too, of course,
And here's to the rally of the hunt, Boys:
Here's a health to ev'ry friend
That can struggle to the end,
And here's to the Tallyho in front, Boys:

Here's to the gap
And the timber that we rap,
And here's to the white-horn,
And the black, too
And here's to the race
And the fence that gives a moment to the pack, Boys:

Oh, the pack's staunch and true,
Now they run from scent to view,
It's worth risk to life, limb and neck, Boys:
For to see them drive and stoop
"Till they finish with a whoop,
Forty minutes on the grass without a step, Boys:

CHORUS

Then drink, puppy, drink!
Let ev'ry puppy drink,
That's old enough to lap and to swallow,
For we'll pass the bottle 'round,
Till he grows into a hound;
And merrily, we'll whoop, and we'll holloa!

JOHN PEEL

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day,
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ruby too,
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True,
From a find to a check,
From a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.

Then here's to John Peel
From my heart and my soul,
Let's drink to his health,
Let's finish the bowl,
We'll follow John Peel,
Through fair and through foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
He lived at Troutbeck once on a day;
How he has gone far, far away,
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

CHORUS

For the sound of his horn
Brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds,
Which he oft' times led,
Peel's "View halloo" would awaken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

RAG TIME COWBOY JOE

He always sings,
Raggedy music to the cattle
As he swings
Back and forward in the saddle
On a horse -
Pretty good horse
That is syncopated gait
And he sets a funny meter
To the roar of his repeater
How they run - see them run
When they hear the fellow's gun
Because the Western folks all know
That he's a rootin', tootin',
High falutin', son-of-a-gun
From Arizona, rag time cowboy,
Talk about your cowboy,
Rag time Cowboy Joe.
Joe -- the dog faced cowboy,
He walks, he talks,
He's almost human,
He crawls on his belly
Like a reptile,
He can even scramble
Like an egg.
BOY!

MARY

For it is Mary, Mary
Plain as any name can be
But with propriety, society will say Marie.
For it was Mary, Mary
Long before the fashions changed
And there is something there
That sounds so square
It's a grand old name.

SWEET ROSIE O'GRADY

Sweet Rosie O'Grady
My dear little Rose
She's my steady lady,
Most everyone knows;
Soon we're going to be married
Oh how happy we'll be
For I love sweet Rosie O'Grady
And Rosie O'Grady loves me.

ALOUETTE

Alouette, Gentille Alouette
Alouette, je te plumerai
Je te plumerai la tete
Je te plumerai la tete
Et la tete, et la tete, OH
Alouette, gentille Alouette.

(Every one of the remaining seven verses is identical to the above,
except for substitutions for "la tete" as follows:

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 2. "le front" | 6. "les dents" |
| 3. "le nez" | 7. "le bras" |
| 4. "les Yeux" | 8. "la jambe") |
| 5. "la bouche" | |

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge you mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

BATTLE OF JERICHO

You may talk about your kings ob Gideon,
You may talk about your men of Saul,
But there's none like good old Joshua,
At the battle ob Jericho.

CHORUS

Joshua fit de battle ob Jericho,
Jericho, Jericho.
Joshua fit de battle ob Jericho,
And the walls came tumblin' down.

Right up to de walls ob Jericho,
Dey marched wid spear in hand,
"Go blow dem ram horns," Joshua cried,
"Kas de battle am in my hand."

CHORUS

Den de lamb, ram, sheep horns, begin to blow,
And de trumpets begin to sound.
Joshua told the children to shout that mornin'
And de walls come tumblin' down.

CHORUS

PAY DAY SONG

Tune: Old Gray Mare. Originated in WW I

Oh, Uncle Sammy, he pays the Infantry,
He pays the cavalry, he pays the artillery,
And then by gosh, he closes the treasury,
To hell with the engineers.

MOUNTAIN BATTERY

This song was written in 1906 by an officer serving with the Cuban Army of Pacification. Many songs that were written by members of the "Double Bottom" Club have survived. The force consisted of Infantry, Cavalry, and "Jackass" Artillery.

Stand up. Stand up. Attention.
You red-legged mountaineers;
With your gun and your pack, and your box of tack,
Non-coms and cannoneers.
Baptized in Mindanao, beside the Sulu Sea;
With a tow, and tow and two row row,
From the Mountain Battery.

For when we are commanded to open up the ball,
We slap our guns together, and beside them,
Stand or fall.
To right and left before us our shrapnel bursts
We see;
With a tow, and a tow, and a tow row row,
From the Mountain Battery.

I'd rather be a soldier with a mile and mountain gun;
That knight of old with spurs of gold,
Than Roman, Greek or Hun.
For when there's trouble brewing,
They always send for me.
To start the fun with a mountain gun.
From the Mountain Battery,
To start the fun with a mountain gun,
From the Mountain Battery.

Here's to pack and aparejo,
To cradle gun and trail;
And that damned old fool, the artillery mule,
Who ne'er was known to fail.
Then fill your glasses fellows,
And drink this toast with me;
Here's a how and a how, and how how how,
To the Mountain Battery,
Here's a how and a how, and a how how how,
To the Mountain Battery.

RAW RECRUIT

Tune: Reuben, Reuben. Originated in the 9th Cavalry Regiment.

I ain't been long in this yer army,
I'm what they call a raw recruit.
Guess I'll stay; it's better than farming,
Get three meals and pay to boot.

The very first thing in the morning,
Fellow with a horn makes an awful noise,
Then that guy they call first sergeant,
Says, "Get up and turn out, boys."

Then you go down to the stables,
With your brush and curry comb,
There you groom as long as you're able,
Cease groomin', fall in, march back home.

Then you go down to the bath-house,
Place-like that I never saw before,
Water runs through a hole in the ceiling,
Runs right out through a hole in the floor.

They tried to teach me a soldier lesson,
Marched me up and turned me around.
Give me a gun and I put it on my shoulder,
One, two, three, and I put it on the ground.

They put your name on a piece of paper,
Fellow over there gives you your pay.
Take it to the squad-room, put it on a blanket,
Fellow yells, "CRAPS" and takes it all away.

Then if you should get your leg broke,
Doctor won't charge you one red cent.
"C. C. " pills is all you need ---
Your leg ain't broke -- just badly bent.

ALWAYS

I'll be loving you always
With a heart that's true always
When the things we've planned
Need a helping hand
I will understand
Always, Always
Skies may not be blue always
I'll be there with you always
Not for just an hour
Not for just a day
Not for just a year
But Always.

MY BLUE HEAVEN

Just Molly and me
And baby makes three
We're happy in my blue heaven
A turn to the right
A little white light
Will lead you to my blue heaven.
You'll find a smiling face
A fireplace, a cozy room
A little nest that's nestled where the roses bloom
Just Molly and me
And baby makes three
We're happy in my blue heaven.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

Smile the while you kiss me fond adieu
When the clouds roll by, I'll come to you
Then the skies will seem more blue;
Down in lover's lane, my dearies.
Wedding bells will ring so merrily,
Every tear will be a memory;
So wait and pray each night for me,
Till we meet again.

CAMPTOWN RACES

De Camptown ladies sing dis song,
Doo-dah, doo-dah.
De Camptown race-track five miles long,
Oh, doo-dah day.
I come down dah wid my hat caved in,
Doo-dah, doo-dah.
I go back home wid a pocket full of tim,
Oh, doo-dah day;

CHORUS

Gwine to run all night, gwine to run all day,
I'll bet my money on de bobtail nag,
Somebody bet on the bay.

De long tail filly and de big black hoss,
Doo-dah, etc.
Dey fly de track and dey both cut across,
De blind hoss sticked in a big mud hole,
Can't touch bottom wid a ten-foot pole.

CHORUS

Old Mulley cow come onto de track,
De bobtail fling her ober his back,
Den fly along like a railroad track,
Runnin' a race wid a shooting star,

CHORUS

See dem flyin' on a ten-mile heat,
Round de race-track den repeat,
I win my money on de bobtail nag,
I keep my money in an old towbag.

CHORUS

HARVEST MOON

Oh, shine on, shine on, harvest moon, up in the sky,
I aint't had no lovin' since January,
February, June or July.
Snow time ain't no time to stay out-doors and spoon;
So shine on, shine on, harvest moon.
For me and my gal.

'T WAS A COLD WINTER'S EVENING

'Twas a cold winter's evening,
The crowd was all leaving,
O'Leary was closing the bar,
When he went up and said, to the lady in red,
"Get out, you can't stay where you are."
She shed a small tear in her bucket of beer,
As she thought of the cold night ahead,
When a gentleman dapper,
Stepped out of the--(booth near)
And these were the words that he said,
"Her mother never told her,
The things a poor girl should know,
About the ways of soldiers,
And how they come and go.
Now age has taken her beauty,
And sin has left its deep scar,
So remember your mothers and sister, Boys,
And let her sleep under the bar."

LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG

Once in the dear, dead days beyond recall,
When on the world the mists began to fall,
Out of the dreams that rose in happy throng,
Low to our hearts love sang an old sweet song.
And in the dusk where fell the firelight gleam,
Softly it wove itself into our dream.

Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go,
Tho' the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight, comes love's old song,
Comes love's old sweet song.

GOODNIGHT LADIES

Good-night ladies! Good-night ladies!
Good-night ladies, we're going to leave you now.
Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the dark blue sea.

LOCH LOMOND

By yon bonnie banks an' by yon bonnie braies,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond,
Where me and my true love were ever won't to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie, banks of Loch Lomond.
Oh, you'll take the high road,
And I'll take the low road.
And I'll be in Scot-land before you.
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie, banks of Loch Lomond.

I mind where we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side of Ben Lomond,
Where in deep purple hush the Highland Hills we view,
And the moon coming out in the gloaming.
Oh, you'll take the high road,
And I'll take the low road.
And I'll be in Scot-land before you.
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie, banks of Loch Lomond.

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping.
But the broken heart will ken no second spring again,
And the world does not know how we are greeting,
Oh, you'll take the high road,
And I'll take the low road,
And I'll be in Scot-land before you.
But me and my true love will never meet again.
On the bonnie, bonnie, banks of Loch Lomond.

MOONLIGHT BAY

We were sailing along, on Moonlight Bay,
You could hear the voices singing,
They seemed to say:
You have stolen my heart,
Now don't go away.
As we sing love's old sweet song,
On Moonlight Bay.

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah, Hurrah.

We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
Hurrah, Hurrah.

The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

Get ready for the Jubilee.

Hurrah, Hurrah.

We'll give the hero three time's three,
Hurrah, Hurrah.

The laurel wreath is ready now,
To place upon his loyal brow.
And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-two,
Hurrah, Hurrah.

That was when the war begun,
Hurrah, Hurrah.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-two,
Both sides were falling to,
And we'll all drink stone wine.
When Johnny comes marching home.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-three,
Hurrah, Hurrah.

Abe Lincoln set the darkies free,
Hurrah, Hurrah.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-three
Old Abe set the darkies free.
And we'll all drink stone wine,
When Johnny comes marching home.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-four,
Hurrah, Hurrah.

Abe called for five hundred thousand more,
Hurrah, Hurrah.

In eighteen hundred and sixty-five,
They talked about rebellion strife;
And we'll all drink stone wine,
When Johnny comes marching home.

WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG MAGGIE

I wandered today to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below.
The creek and the old rusty mill, Maggie,
Where we sat in the long, long a-go.
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung,
The old rusty mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

A city so silent and lone, Maggie,
Where the young and the gay and the best,
In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie,
Have each found a place of rest.
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie,
And join the songs that were sung,
For we said just as gay as they, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

They say I am feeble with age, Maggie,
My steps are less sprightly than then.
My face is a well written page, Maggie,
But time alone was the pen.
They say we are aged and gray, Maggie,
As spray by the white breakers flung,
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP

When you wore a tulip, a big yellow tulip,
And I wore a big red rose.
Twas then you caressed me, and
Then heaven blessed me,
What a blessing no one knows.
You made life cheery, when you called me Dearie,
Twas down where the bluegrass grows,
Your lips were sweeter than julip,
When you wore a tulip,
And I wore a big red rose.

BELIEVE ME, IF ALL THOSE

Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly today,
Were to change by tomorrow, and fleet in my arms.
Like fairy gifts, fading away.
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment,
Thou art.
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin, each wish of my heart,
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear.
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time but make thee more dear.

No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close.
As the sunflower turns on her God, when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose.

GIRL OF MY DREAMS

Girl of my dreams, I love you,
Honest I do, you are so sweet,
If I could just hold your charms,
Again in my arms,
Then life would be complete.
Since you've been gone dear,
Life don't seem the same,
Please come back, again,
And after all's said and done,
There's only one.
Girl of my dreams, it's you.

MEMORIES

Memories, memories, dreams of long ago,
O'er the sea of memory, I'm drifting back to you.
Childhood days, wildwood days,
Among the birds and bees,
You left me alone, but still you're my own.
In my beautiful memories.

DU, DU, LIEGST MIR IM HERZEN

Du, du liegst mir im Herzen, du, du liegst mir im Sinn;

Du, du machst mir viel Schmerzen,

Weisst nicht wie gut ich dir bin;

Ja, ja, ja, ja, weisst nicht gut ich dir bin.

So so wie ich dich liebe,

so so wie ich dich liebe,

Die, die zartlichsten Triebe,

Fühl ich allein nur dich.

Ja, ja, ja, ja, fühl ich allein etc.

Doch, doch darf ich dir trauen,

Dir dir, mit leichtem Simm?

Du, du darfst auf mich bauen,

Weisst ja, wie gut ich dir bin.

Und, und, wenn in der Ferne,

Dir, dir mein Bild erscheint;

Dann, dann, wunscht ich so gerne,

Dass uns die liebe vereint.

GOOD NIGHT IRENE

Last Saturday night I got married,

Me and my wife settled down,

Now me and my wife are parted,

Going to take a little walk around town.

CHORUS

Irene--Goodnight--Irene--Goodnight,

Goodnight Irene, Goodnight Irene,

I'll see you in my dreams.

CHORUS

Stop your rambling, stop your gambling,

Stop staying out late at night,

Go home to your wife and family,

And sit by the fireside bright.

CHORUS

SPRINGTIME IN THE ROCKIES

When it's springtime in the Rockies
I'll be coming back to you
Little sweetheart of the mountains
With your bonnie eyes so blue
Once again I'll say I love you
As the birds sing all the day
When it's springtime in the Rockies
In the Rockies far away.

OLD PINE TREE

Oh they cut down the old pine tree
And they hauled it away to the mill
To build a coffin of pine
For that sweetheart of mine
When they cut down the old pine tree.
Oh she's not alone in her grave tonight
For there my heart will ever be
Oh they cut down my heart
And they tore it apart
When they cut down the old pine tree.

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh give me a home where the buffalo roam
Where the deer and the antelope play.
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.
Home, home on the range
Where the deer and the antelope play
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

TEA FOR TWO

Picture you upon my knee
Just tea for two
And two for tea
Just me for you
And you for me alone
Nobody near us
To see us or hear us
No friends or relations
On weekend vacations
We won't let it known dear
That we own a telephone, dear
Day will break
And you'll awake
And start to bake a sugar cake
For me to take for all the boys to see
We will raise a family
A boy for you
A girl for me
Oh can't you see
How happy we would be.

THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING

Its three o'clock in the morning
We've danced the whole night thru
And daylight soon will be dawning
Just one more waltz with you
That melody so entrancing
Seems to be made for us two
I could just keep right on dancing
Forever dear with you.

CUDDLE UP A LITTLE CLOSER

Cuddle up a little closer lovey mine.
Cuddle up and be my little clinging vine.
I love to feel you cheeks so very rosy
I love to make you comfy cozy.
'Cause I love you from head to toesie,
Lovey mine.

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

Keep the home fires burning,
While our hearts are yearning,
Though the boys are far away,
They dream of home;
There's a silver lining
Through the dark cloud shining,
Turn the dark cloud inside out,
Till the boys come home.

ROSES OF PICARDY

Roses are shining in Picardy
In the hush of the silvery dew,
Roses are flow'ring in Picardy,
But there's never a rose like you.
And the roses will die the summertime
And our roads may be far apart
But there's one rose
That dies not in Picardy
'This the Rose that I keep in my heart.

TOO-RA-LOO-RA-LOO-RA

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-rai,
Too-ra-loo-ra-lai,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-rai,
Hush now don't you cry.
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-rai,
Too-ra-loo-ra-lai,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-rai,
It's a Irish lullaby.

I WONDER WHO'S KISSING HER NOW

I wonder who's kissing her now
I wonder who's teaching her how
I wonder who's looking into her eyes
Breathing sighs, telling lies
I wonder who's buying the wine
For lips that I used to call mine
I wonder if she
Ever tells him of me
I wonder who's kissing her now.

TOGETHER

We strolled the lanes together
Sang loves refrain together
Laughed at the rain together
And we'd both pretend it would never end.
One day we cried together
Cast love aside together
You're gone from me but in my memory
We always will be together.

LET ME CALL YOU SWEETHEART

Let me call you sweetheart,
I'm in love with you.
Let me hear you whisper
That you love me too
Keep the love light burning,
In your eyes so blue.
Let me call you sweetheart,
I'm in love with you.

OLD GREY BONNETT

Put on your old grey bonnett
With the blue ribbons on it
And we'll hitch old Dobbin to the sleigh
And thru the fields of clover
We'll ride off to Dover on our golden wedding day.

JEALOUS

I'm jealous of the moon that shines above,
Because it smiles upon the one I love;
I'm jealous of the birdies in the trees,
They're always singing sweetest melodies;
I'm jealous of the pretty flowers, too,
I miss the kiss they always get from you;
I'm jealous of the tick-tock on the shelf;
I'm even getting jealous of myself.

I'M ALWAYS CHASING RAINBOWS

I'm always chasing rainbows,
Watching clouds drifting by,
They always fade, like all my dreams,
Ending in a sigh.
Some fellows look and find the sunshine,
I always look and find the rain,
Some fellows make a wedding sometime,
I never even make a gain, believe me,
I'm always chasing rainbows,
Waiting to find a little blushing bride.

I'LL SEE YOU IN MY DREAMS

I'll see you in my dreams
Hold you in my dreams,
Someone took you out of my arms,
Still I feel the thrill of your charms;
Lips that once were mine,
Tender eyes that shine,
They will light my way tonight,
I'll see you in my dreams.

YANKEE GIRLS

Tune: Auld Lang Syne. This song was popular following the War of 1812.

Not England's daughters rosy cheeked,
Nor Scotia's lassies fair,
Nor Erin's blooming maidens can,
With Yankee girls compare.
Though what they tell us of their charms,
All very true may be,
They'll not compare with Yankee girls.
The Yankee girls for me.

Let Byron of Italian maids,
In glowing numbers sing.
And let the Turk his Georgian bride;
And black-eyed Houries bring;
Yet what they tell us of their charms,
All very true may be,
They can't compare with Yankee girls,
Yankee girls for me.

Their faultless forms, their peerless eyes,
As bright as the morning dew.
Their cheeks so fair, their minds unchained,
In thought and action free,
There's nothing like the Yankee girls,
The Yankee girls for me.

Unto Columbia's daughters, then,
We'll drain the goblet dry,
Naught can the universe produce,
With Yankee girls to vie;
Oh, they are the fairest of the fair.
And ever may they be,
There's nothing like the Yankee girls,
The Yankee girls for me.

DIXIE LAND

I wish I was in the land of cotton
Old times dar am not forgotten
Look away, look away, look away,
Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land where I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin'
Look away, look away, look away,
Dixie Land.
Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray; hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stan' and lib and die in Dixie;
Away, away, away down South in Dixie,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

THE BELLS ARE RINGING

The bells are ringing,
For me and my gal
The birds are singing,
For me and my gal,
Everybody's been knowing
To a wedding they're going
And for weeks they've been sewing,
Every Suzie and Sal
They're congregating
For me and my gal
The Parson's waiting,
For me and my gal
And someday we're going to build a little home
for two, or three, or four, or more
In loveland for me and my gal.

I ONLY WANT A BUDDY

I only want a buddy not a sweetheart
Buddies never make you blue.
Sweethearts make vows that are broken
Broken like my poor heart in two.
Don't tell me that you love me
Say you like me.
No lover's quarrel, no bungalow for two
We'll stroll down lover's lane
But I'll keep right on a-sayin'
I only want a buddy not a girl.

MY BONNIE

My bonnie lies over the ocean
My bonnie lies over the sea
My bonnie lies over the ocean
Oh, bring back my bonnie to me.

CHORUS

Bring back, bring back
Oh, bring back my bonnie to me, to me
Bring back, oh bring back
Oh, bring back my bonnie to me.

One night as I lay on my pillow
One night as I lay on my bed
One night as I lay on my pillow
I dreamt that my bonnie was dead.

CHORUS

THE INFANTRY

Our Army is a motley crew,
In dress and armor duties, too;
And each and all I love to see.
Tho' most I prize the Infantry,
In tented field, in ladies' bower,
Alike they shine, all fear their power;
Though other corps are dear to us,
Yet most I love the Infantry.

CHORUS

The Infantry. The Infantry.
Who would not love the Infantry;
Though other corps are dear to me,
Yet most I love the Infantry.

The Engineer, with science crowned,
In action traces out the ground;
Artill'ry, at a distance play,
And troopers often clear the way -
A skirmish sharp, a pistol shot,
The quick retreat in rapid trot;
The foe advances, light and free,
Who meets them now: The Infantry.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

And see the gallant host move on,
Their bay'nets glitt'ring in the sun;
On, On, it holds its glorious way,
Though death-shots madly round it play;
Their comrades slain, their banners torn,
Those noble hearts still proudly form;
And hark, a shout, 'tis victory.
Who would not love the Infantry?

(REPEAT CHORUS)

THE INFANTRY SONG

Now listen unto this my song: I'm a warrior,
Bold, you see.
I'm a fighter and hiker in the U. S. Infantry.
I stand erect with heels in line,
(I'm used to war's alarm)
With gun and belt and haversack; 'tis the pose
Of the fighting arm.

(CHORUS)

So fill your glasses with cold beer,
And brace your courage with good cheer.
I tell you all it's soldiering,
To serve in the Infantry.

The cavalryman may be fierce and bold,
And a soldier through and through.
But he leaves his horse when off to war;
'Tis what he hates to do.
He lays aside his boots and spurs,
But never can he be,
A fighting, hiking army man,
Like the soldier of the Infantry.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

The soldiers of the cavalry had horses,
Fine and grand;
They went to drill and stables accompanied
By the band.
But when the Army went to war,
An island fair to free,
The cavalry left their horses home,
And fought as the Infantry.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

The cavalry is the showy branch,
That people like to see,
But in the field the campaign falls,
Without the Infantry.
In China and the Phillipines,
The doughboys fought quite well,
And they were "Johnnies on the spot",
When Santiago fell.

THE INFANTRY SONG (Continued)

(REPEAT CHORUS)

The red stripe soldier makes me smile,
He really makes me laugh,
To listen to extravagance of praise,
In his behalf,
He makes a noise when he fires his gun,
From his fortress by the sea,
He'll never know what soldiering is,
Till he joins the Infantry.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

506TH PIR SONG

There's a job to be done, and we're on the wing,
Flying high in the clear blue sky..
Now we're out 'neath the chutes, with an easy swing,
And we land with our battle cry -- CURRAHEE.

It's a sad-sad day for the enemy,
Matters not what his strength may be.
We're the demons from the sky,
We've come to do or die,
We're the Parachute Infantry.

When a job's too tough for all the rest,
Who fight 'neath the flag of the free,
Call for the sturdy free men,
For the two-fisted fighting he-men,
For the Parachute Infantry.

THE REGULAR ARMY FIGHT SONG

(TUNE: - My Bonnie Lies Over The Ocean)

The regulars are happy in peace time
Their country they're willing to serve
But whenever they get into trouble
They call out the God Damn Reserve.

When you get in the regular Army
You curtsy and learn to pour tea
But whenever you get into battle
You follow the damn ORC.

We're all in the same category
We're supposed to be physically fit
The regulars get all of the glory
The reservists get all of the _____.

The boys in the regular Army,
Make out a fine lesson plan.
But they call for the God Damn Reservists,
Whenever the _____ hits the fan.

Whenever they pass out the details,
The reservist gets more than his bit.
But whenever they pass out promotions,
The reservists are sucking hind tit.

They're cutting an order for Staff School
The regulars are making the trip.
They're sending a shipment to FECOM,
Reservists start packing your grip.

In case of atomic explosion,
The regulars come through 'en mass.
They're protected from alpha and gamma,
By the lead that they have in their ass.

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

THE REGULAR ARMY FIGHT SONG (Continued)

Whenever a regular does fumble,
Into his own _____ he does slip.
He cries "It's those God Damn Reservists
They're lacking in leadership."

That old trade school on the Hudson,
Could improve its training plan.
By adding a couple of courses,
Like finding your ass with both hands.

FIGHTING INFANTRY

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
He called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl
And he called for his privates three

CHORUS

Beer, beer, beer, said the privates
Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the fighting Infantry!

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he
He called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl
And he called for his corporals three.

CHORUS

"One two, one two, one", said the corporals
"Beer, beer, beer", said the privates.
Merry men are we
There's none so fair as can compare
With the fighting Infantry!

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl
And he called for his sergeants three.

CHORUS

"Right by squads, squads right", said the sergeants;
"One two, one two, one", said the corporals;
"Beer, beer, beer", said the privates.
Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the fighting Infantry.

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

FIGHTING INFANTRY (Continued)

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his shavetails three.

CHORUS

"We do all the work", said the shavetails;
"Right by squads, squads right", said the sergeants;
"One two, one two, one", said the corporals;
"Beer, beer, beer", said the privates
Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the fighting Infantry!

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl,
And called for his captains three.

CHORUS

"We want ten days leave", said the captains;
"We do all the work", said the shavetails;
"Right by squads, squads right said the sergeants;
"One two, one two, one", said the corporals;
"Beer, beer, beer", said the privates.
Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the fighting Infantry!

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl
And he called for his majors three.

CHORUS

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

FIGHTING INFANTRY (Continued)

"Where're my boots and spurs", said the majors;
"We want ten days leave", said the captains;
"We do all the work", said the shavetails;
"Right by squads, squads right," said the sergeants;
"One two, one two, one", said the corporals;
"Beer, beer, beer, said the privates
Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the fighting Infantry!

Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his colonels three.

CHORUS

"Where's my next command", said the colonels;
"Where's my boots and spurs", said the majors;
"We want ten days leave", said the captains;
"We do all the work", said the shavetails;
"Right by squads, squads right", said the sergeants;
"One two, one two, one", said the corporals;
"Beer, beer, beer, said the privates.
Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare
With the fighting Infantry!

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he.
He called for his pipe
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his generals three.

CHORUS

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

FIGHTING INFANTRY (Continued)

"The Army's gone to hell", said the generals;
"What's my next command", said the colonels;
"Where're my boots and spurs", said the majors;
"We want ten days leave", said the captains;
"We do all the work said the shavetails;
"Right by squads, squads right", said the sergeants;
"One two, one two, one", said the corporals;
"Beer, beer, beer", said the privates,
Merry men are we.
There's none so fair as can compare,
With the Fighting Infantry.

SCREAMING EAGLES

101st Airborne Division March.

We have a rendezvous with destiny,
Our strength and courage strike the spark,
That will always make men free.
Jump right down through the skies of blue,
Keep your eyes on the job to be done,
We're the men of the hundred-first,
We'll fight till the battle's won.

CHORUS

Screaming Eagles diving from the sun,
Striking boldly from the air;
Now's the time to jump, look out below,
Stand up. Hook up. Screaming Eagles go.

ACH, DU LIEBER AUGUSTIN

Ach, du lieber Augustin, Augustin, Augustin.
Ach, du lieber Augustin, Alles ist hin.
Geld ist weg, Gut ist weg, Augustin leight im Dreck.
Ach, du lieber Augustin, Alles ist hin.

ABDUL ABULBUL AMIR

The sons of the Prophet were brave men and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear,
But the bravest by far in the ranks of the Czar,
Was Abdul Abulbul Amir.

If you wanted a man to encourage the van,
Or harass the foe from the rear,
Storm fort or redoubt, you had only to shout
For Abdul Abulbul Amir.

There were heroes a-plenty, and well known to fame,
In the troops that were led by the Czar,
But the best known of all was a man by the name
Of Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

He could imitate Irving, play poker and pool,
And strum on the Spanish guitar,
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite team
Was Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

One day this bold Russian, shouldered his gun,
And with his most truculent sneer,
Was looking for fun, when he happened to run
Upon Abdul Abulbul Amir.

Said Abdul, "Young man, has life grown so dull,
That you now wish to end your career?
Vile infidel, know you have trod on the toe,
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir."

"So take your last look at this cool, shady nook,
And send your regrets to the Czar;
By which I imply you are going to die,
Count Ivan Skavinski Skavar."

Then this bold Mameluke drew his trusty skibouk,
With a cry of "Allah Akbar"
And with murderous intent, he ferociously went
For Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

They fought all that night 'neath the pale yellow moon;
The din it was heard from afar,
And huge multitudes came, so great was the fame
Of Abdul and Ivan Skavar.

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

ABDUL ABULBUL AMIR (Continued)

As Abdul's long knife was extracting the life
In fact as he shouted "Huzzah"
He felt himself struck by that wily Calmuck,
Count Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

The Sultan rode up, the disturbance to quell,
Expecting the victor to cheer;
But he only drew nigh to hear the last sigh
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

Czar Petrovitch, too, in his uniform of blue,
Rode up in his new crested car,
He arrived just in time to exchange a last line
With Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

There's a tomb rising up where the Blue Danube rolls,
And 'graved there in characters clear
Is, "Stranger, when passing, oh, pray for the soul
Of Abdul Abulbul Amir.

A splash in the Black Sea, one dark moonless night
Caused ripples to spread wide and far,
It was made by a sack, fitting close to the back
Of Ivan Skavinsky Akavar.

A Muscovite maiden her lone vigil keeps,
"Neath the light of the pale polar star,
And the name that she murmurs so oft, as she weeps
Is Ivan Skavinsky Skavar.

MEDLEY

East side, west side, all around the town,
The children played 'Ring-a-round-Rosie',
'London Bridge is Falling Down'.

Boys and girls together,
Me and Mamie O'Rourke,
Tripped the light fantastic,
On the sidewalks of New York.

Daisy, Daisy, give me your answer true.
I'm half crazy, all for the love of you.
It won't be a stylish marriage,
I can't afford a carriage.
But you'll look sweet, upon the seat,
Of a bicycle built for two.

Sweet Rosie O'Grady, me dear little rose,
She's my steady lady, most everyone knows,
And when we're married, how happy we'll be;
I love sweet Rosie O'Grady,
And Rosie O'Grady loves me.

She's my sweetheart, I'm her beau,
She's my Annie, I'm her Joe.
Soon we'll marry, never to part,
Little Annie Rooney is my sweetheart.

Take me out to the ball game, take me out to the park,
Buy me some peanuts and crackerjack,
I don't care if I never get back;
For I'll root, root, root for the home team,
And if they don't win, it's a shame,
For it's one, two, three strikes, you're out,
At the old ball game.

The Bow'ry, the Bow'ry,
They say such things and do such things,
On the Bow'ry, the Bow'ry,
I'll never go there any more!

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

MEDLEY (Continued)

In the good old summer time,
In the good old summer time,
Strolling through the shady lanes,
With your hand in mine.
You hold her hand, and she holds yours,
And that's a very good sign.
That she's your tootsie-wootsie,
In the good old summer time.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I've been working on the railroad,
All the live long day.
I've been working on the railroad,
Just to pass the time away.
Can't you hear the whistle blowing,
Rise up so early in the morn,
Can't you hear the Captain calling,
Dinah, blow your horn.

Dinah, won't you go, Dinah, won't you go.
Down on the banks of the Ohio;
Dinah, won't you go, Dinah, won't you go.
Down on the Ohio.

Someones in the kitchen with Dinah,
Someones in the kitchen I know.
Someones in the kitchen with Dinah,
Strumming on the old banjo.

Fee, Fie fiddle, aye-oh,
Fee, Fie, fiddle aye-oh,
Fee, Fie fiddle aye-oh,
Strumming on the old banjo.

GENTLEMAN RANKERS

This is the original song that was written by Rudyard Kipling. It was later parodied by Yale University as "Gentlemen Songsters." A Gentleman Ranker is a British enlisted man of good family.

To the legion of the lost ones, to the Cohorts
Of the damned,
To the brethren in their sorrow overseas,
Sings a gentleman of England, cleanly bred,
Machinely crammed,
And a trooper of the empress, if you please.
Yes, a trooper of the forces who has run his own
Six horses.
And faith he went the pace and went it blind.
And the world was more than kind while he held the
Ready tin.
But today the sergeant's something less than kind.

CHORUS

We're poor little lambs who have lost our way,
Baa. Baa. Baa. We're little black sheep who have
Gone astray. Baa-aa-aa.
Gentleman rankers out on a spree,
Damned from here to eternity,
God have mercy on such as we. Baa. Baa. Baa.

Oh, it's sweet to sweat through stables,
Sweet to empty kitchen slops,
And it's sweet to hear the tales the troopers tell,
To dance with blowzy housemaids at the regimental
Hops.
And thrash the cad who says you waltz too well.
Yes, it makes you clock-a-hoop to be "rider" of
Your troop.
And branded with a blasted worsted spur,
When you envy, oh how keenly, some poor tommy,
Living cleanly.
Who blacks your boots and sometimes calls you' Sir'.

CHORUS

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

GENTLEMAN RANKERS (Continued)

If the home we never write to, and the oaths
We never keep,
And all we hold most distant and most dear,
Across the snoring barrack-room,
Return to break through our sleep,
Can you blame us if we soak ourselves in beer,
When the drunken comrade mutters and the
Great guard-lantern gutters,
And the horror of our fall is plainly written,
Every secret self-revealing,
On the aching white-washed ceiling,
Do you wonder that we drug ourselves from pain?

CHORUS

We have done with hope and honour, we are lost to
Love and truth,
We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,
And the measure of our torment is the measure
Of our youth,
God help us, for knew the worst too young;
Our shame is clean repentance for the crime,
That brought sentence.
Our pride it is to know no spur of pride,
And the curse of Reuben holds us,
'Til an alien turf enfolds us,
And we die, and none can tell them
Where we died.

CHORUS

HONEY, HONEY

Honey, Honey, bless your heart,
My honey that I love so well;
For I've been true, sweetheart, to you;
To my honey that I love so well.

WE STAND ALONE

Official March of the 506th Airborne Infantry.

We stand alone, But stand together,
Strong as the Mountain Currahee.
Vict'ry uniting, first in the fighting,
The vanguard of the Infantry.

Lord help the victims of the Sky Train,
Our Group will never know defeat.
We are the roughest, meanest and toughest,
The Five-O-Six is hard to beat.

Normandy victors, we jumped at Zon.
Held firm at Bastogne, we carry on-o-on.

We stand alone, But stand together,
Go, Go, the Sky Trains on its way.
Hook up, we're ready, our aim is steady,
The Five-O-Six is here today.

Toast the Currahees, pride of the fighting
One-O-First.
To Puerto Rico and back,
The first in STRAC,
We strike like lightning, with grim violence,
That's frightening.

Drink, drink to the colors of this Airborne
Regiment.
Before the dawns early light,
We jump to fight.
The Five-O-Six will win the fray.

We stand alone, But stand together,
Strong as the Mountain Currahee
Vict'ry uniting, first in the fighting,
The vanguard of the Infantry.

Lord help the victims of the Sky Train,
Our Group will never know defeat.
We are the roughest, meanest and toughest,
The Five-O-Six is hard to beat.

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

WE STAND ALONE (Continued)

Normandy victors, we jumped at Zon.
Held firm at Bastogne, we carry on-o-on.

We Stand Alone, but stand together,
Go, Go, the Sky Trains on its way,
Hook up, we're ready, our aim is steady.
The Five-O-Six will win the fray.
The Five-O-Six will win the fray.
The Five-O-Six is here to stay. Hey.

BUFFALO GALS

As I was walking down the street,
Down the street, down the street,
A pretty girl I chances to meet,
Under the silvery moon.

CHORUS

Buffalo gals, won't you come out tonight,
Come out tonight, come out tonight,
Buffalo gals, won't you come out tonight.
And dance by the light of the moon.

I asked her if she'd stop and talk,
Stop and talk, stop and talk.
Her feet covered up the whole sidewalk,
She was fair to view.

CHORUS

I asked her if she'd be my wife,
Be my wife, be my wife,
Then I'd be happy all my life,
If she'd marry me.

CHORUS

CASEY JONES

Come all you rounders if you want to hear
A story 'bout a brave engineer
Casey Jones, was the rounder's name,
On a heavy eight-wheeler he rode to fame

CHORUS

Casey Jones mounted to the cabin,
Casey Jones throttle in his hand,
Casey Jones mounted to his cabin
Took his farewell journey to the Promised Land

The caller called Casey about half past four,
He kissed his wife at the station door,
He climbed into the cabin with his orders in his hand,
For his farewell journey, to the Promised Land.

CHORUS

He tore through South Memphis yards on the fly,
He heard the fireman say to him, "You've got a white eye."
All the switchmen knew by the engine's moan
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones.

CHORUS

The rain had been a-fallen' for five or six weeks,
The railroad track was nothin' but the bed for a creek;
They rated him down to a thirty mile gate,
Threw the south-bound mail about eight hours late.

CHORUS

Fireman said, "Casey, you're runnin' to fast,
You run the block board the last station you passed
Casey says, "Yeah, I b'lieve we'll make it through,
For the engines' steamin' better than I ever knew."

CHORUS

Casey says, "Fireman don't you fret,
Keep knockin' at the fire-door, don't give up yet
I'm going to run the engine till she leaves the rail,
Or make it on time with southern mail.

CHORUS

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

CASEY JONES (Continued)

Around the curve he saw it comin' down the dump
Two locomotives and they're bound to bump;
The fireman hollered, "It's just ahead-
We might jump and make it, but we'll all be dead."

CHORUS

Twass round this curve he spied a passenger train;
He roused the fireman, caused the bell to ring;
The fireman jumped off, but Casey stayed on--
He's a good engineer, but he's dead and gone.

CHORUS

Casey says before he died
"There are two more lines I wish I'd tried"
The fireman said, "What can they be/"
"Why the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe."

CHORUS

Poor Casey Jones he was all right,
He stuck by his duty both day and night
They loved to hear his whistle an' ring of Nr. 3
As he rode into Memphis in the old I. C.

CHORUS

Headaches and heartaches and all kind of pain
Are not apart from a railroad man;
Tales that are earnest, noble and grand,
Belong to the life of a railroad man.

CHORUS

WHEN YOU WERE SWEET SIXTEEN

I love you as I never loved before
Since first I met you on the village green;
Come to me or my dream of love is o'er,
I love you as I loved you, when you were sweet,
When you were sweet sixteen.

ZAMBOANGO

Oh, the monkeys have no tails in
Zamoango, (Repeat)

Oh, the monkeys have no tails
They were bitten off by whales,
Oh, the monkeys have no tails in
Zamoango.

Oh, the women wear no Teddy's in
Manila. (Repeat)

Oh, the women wear no Teddy's
They're a bunch of everready's
Oh, the women wear no Teddy's
In Manila.

There's a virgin on the island
Of Cebu, (Repeat)

There's a virgin so they say,
She was 6 weeks old today
There's a virgin on the island
Of Cebu.

Oh, the women wear no clothes
In Zamoango, (Repeat)

Oh, the women wear no clothes
I have been there and I knows
Oh, the women wear no clothes
In Zamoango.

Oh, the men they wear no pants
In Ilibilo, (Repeat)

Oh, the men they wear no pants
They're afraid to miss a chance
Oh, the men they wear no pants
In Ilibilo.

They live in Nipashacks in
Ilo-Ilo, (Repeat)

They live in Nipashacks,
And wee-wee through the cracks
They live in Nipashacks in
Ilo-Ilo.

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

ZAMBOANGO (Continued)

The birds they have no feet in
Mariveles, (Repeat)
The birds they have no feet
They were burnt off by the heat
Oh, the birds they have no feet
In Mariveles.

There are babies quite a few in
Stetsenburg, (Repeat)
There are babies quite a few
There is nothing else to do
There are babies quite a few
In Stetsenburg.

WE'RE MARCHING

We're marching, we're marching, Oh, here comes the band
On the right side of temperance we'll now take our stand
We don't use tobacco, because we do think
That the people who use it are liable to drink
So down with King Alcohol
Down to the fires of Hell below
Down with King Alcohol
Down to the fires of Hell

DRINKING SONG

Lift up your glasses steady,
We will drink to our comrades lives,
Here's a toast for the dead already.
Three cheers for the next man that dies.

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land that we find,
The bravest have gone before us,
The bravest are left behind.

So lift up your glasses steady,
We'll drink to our comrades lives,
Here's a toast for the dead already,
Three cheers for the next man that dies.

PATTY MURPHY

The night that Patty Murphy died,
I never shall forget,
The whole damn bunch got stinkin' drunk,
And some ain't sober yet.
As long as the bottle was passed around,
Of course the gang all stayed.
Everything in the cookhouse went,
The night that Murphy died.

CHORUS

That's how they paid their respects to
Patty Murphy,
That's how they showed their honor and
Their pride.
That's how they paid their respects to
Patty Murphy,
Respects to Patty Murphy on the night
That Patty died.

Now there sat Mrs. Murphy,
A-moaning in her grief.
Along came Terra Monahan,
That dirty lousy thief.
He crept into the kitchen,
Two bottles of whiskey stole.
He took the ice right off the corpse,
To keep the whiskey cold.

CHORUS

The only thing I saw that night,
That worried me at all.
Was Casey telling Monahan, he had an awful gall,
I thought t'would cause a riot,
And sure enough it did.
For Monahan had carved his name,
Upon the coffin lid.

CHORUS

JOHNNY RABECK

Once there was a Dutchman,
His name was Johnny Rabeck.
Now Johnny had a meat shop,
For sausagers and such.
One day he invented a sausager machine,
Now all the neighbors cats and dogs,
Will never more be seen.

CHORUS

Oh, Johnny Rabeck, Oh Johnny Rabeck
How could you be so mean.
I told you you'd be sorry for
Inventing that machine,
For all the neighbors cats and dogs,
Will never more be seen.
They've all been ground to sausagers,
In Johnny Rabeck's machine.

One day there came a little boy,
A-walking in his store.
He bought a pound of sausagers,
And laid them on the floor.
Then he began to whistle,
He whistled a merry tune.
And all them little sausagers,
Been dancing round the room.

CHORUS

One day the thing went on the blink,
He couldn't make it go.
So Johnny went inside the thing,
To see what made it so.
His wife had a nightmare, and
She was walkin in her sleep,
She gave the crank a hell of a yank,
And Johnny Rabeck was meat.

CHORUS

HOME ON THE RANGE

Oh, Give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play;
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, Home on the range, where the deer
And the antelope Play.
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

GOOD NIGHT SWEETHEART

Goodnight, Sweetheart, till we meet tomorrow,
Goodnight sweetheart, sleep will banish sorrow.
Tears and parting may make you forlorn,
But with the dawn a day is born,
So I'll say goodnight sweetheart,
Though I'm not beside you,
Goodnight sweetheart, in my dreams,
I'll guide you.
Dreams enfold you, in my arms I'll hold you,
Goodnight sweetheart, sweetheart, goodnight.

SWEETHEART OF SIGMA CHI

The girl of my dreams is the sweetest girl,
Of all the girls I know.
Each sweet co-ed like a rainbow trail
Fades in the afterglow.
The blue of her eyes
And the gold of her hair,
Are a blend of the western skies.
And the moonlight beams
On the girl of my dreams
She's the sweetheart of Sigma Chi.

WHISPERING

Whispering while you cuddle near me
Whispering so no one can hear me.
Each little birdie seems to cheer me
I know its true there's no one dear like you.

Whispering why I'll never grieve you
Whispering why I'll never leave you
Whisper and say you do believe me
Whispering that I love you.

CAROLINE MOON

Caroline Moon, keep shining
Shining on the one who waits for me.
Carolina Moon, I'm pining
Pining for the place I long to be.
How I'm hoping tonight, you'll go
Go to the right window.
Scatter your light, say I'm alright, please do.
Tell her that I'm blue and lonely
Dreamy Caroline Moon.

OH! YOU BEAUTIFUL DOLL

Oh! you beautiful doll
You **great** big beautiful doll
Let me put my arms around you
I could never live without you
Oh! you beautiful doll
You **great** big beautiful doll
If you ever leave me, how my heart would ache
I want to hug you,
But I'm afraid you'd break
Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!
Oh! you beautiful doll.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMER TIME

In the good old summer time
In the good old summer time
Strolling thru the shady lanes
With your baby mine.
You hold her hand and she holds yours
And that's a very good sign
That she's your tootsey wootsey,
In the good old summer time.

LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY

With someone like you, a pal good and true
I'd like to leave it all behind and go and find
A place that's known to God alone
Just a spot to call our own.
We'll find perfect peace
Where joys will never cease
Out there beneath a kindly sky.
We'll build a sweet little nest
Somewhere out in the west
And let the rest of the world go by.

PAPER DOLL

I'm going to buy a paper doll
That I can call my own.
A doll that other fellows cannot steal.
So those flirty, flirty guys
With those flirty, flirty eyes,
Will have to play with dollies that are real.
When I get home at night
She will be waiting.
She'll be the truest doll in all this world.
I'd rather have a paper doll
To call my own
Than have a fickle-minded real live girl.

I WANT A GAL

I want a gal; Just like the gal
That married dear old Dad.
She was a pearl; And the only girl
That Daddy ever had.
A good old fashioned gal
With heart so true.
One who'd love nobody else but you.
Oh, I want a gal; Just like the gal
That married dear old Dad.

I WANT A BEER

I want a beer, Just like the beer
That pickled dear old Dad.
It was a beer; And the only beer
That Daddy ever had.
A good old-fashioned beer
With lots of foam.
It took six men to carry Daddy home.
I want a beer; Just like the beer
That pickled dear old Dad.

THE STRAWBERRY BLONDE

Casey would waltz with the strawberry blonde
And the band played on.
He'd glide 'cross the floor
With the girl he adored.
And the band played on.
But his brain was so loaded,
He nearly exploded.
The poor girl would shake with alarm.
He married the girl
With the strawberry curls,
And the band played on.

EASTER PARADE

In your Easter bonnet
With all the frills upon it,
You'll be the grandest lady
In the Easter Parade,
You'll be all in clover
And when they look you over,
You'll be the proudest lady
In the Easter Parade.
On the avenue -- Fifth Avenue;
The photographers will snap us,
And you'll find that we're in the rotogravure.
You'll be all in clover;
And when they look you over,
I'll be the proudest fellow
In the Easter Parade.

SLEEPY TIME GAL

Sleepy time gal, you're turning night into day
Sleeptime gal, you've danced the evening away
Until each silvery light turns into dawning
Please give me one little kiss
Then let me whisper goodnight
It's getting late and dear you're pillow's waiting
Sleepy time gal, when all your dancing is thru
Sleepy time gal, I'll build a palace for you
You'll learn to cook and to sew
What's more you'll love it I know
When you're a stay-at-home, play-at-home
Eight o'clock sleepy time Gal.

LONG LONG TRAIL

There's a long, long trail awinding
Into the land of my dreams.
Where the nightingale is singing,
And a pale moon beams.
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true.
Till the day that I'll be going
Down that long, long trail with you.

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

I was a chamber maid,
Down in Drury Lane.
My mistress she was kind to me,
My master was the same.
'Til along came a sailor,
Happy as could be;
He was the cause of all my misery.

CHORUS

Bell bottom trousers,
Coats of Navy blue,
He'll climb the rigging
Like his Daddy used to do.

He asked me for a 'kerchief
To tie about his head.
He asked me for a candle
To light his way to bed.
And I a silly maiden;
Thinking it no harm.
Jumped right in the sailor's bed
To keep the sailor warm.

CHORUS

Early in the morning,
About the break of day.
A five pound note he gave to me
And this to me did say:
May you'll have a daughter,
May you'll have a son,
Take this my dear
For the damage I have done.

CHORUS

If you have a daughter
Bounce her on your knee;
And if you have a son
Send the bastard out to sea,
Singing:

CHORUS

DON'T FENCE ME IN

O give me land, lots of land;
Under starry skies above
Don't fence me in.
Let me ride thru the wide
Open country that I love
Don't fence me in.
Let me be by myself in the evening breeze
Listen to the murmur
Of the cottonwood trees
Send me off forever,
But I ask you please
Don't fence me in.
Just turn me loose;
Let me straddle my old saddle
Underneath the western skies.
On my cayuse let me wander over yonder
Till I see the mountains rise.
I want to ride to the ridge
Where the west commences.
Gaze at the moon
Till I lose my senses.
Can't look at hobbles
And I can't stand fences,
Don't fence me in.

MEET ME TONIGHT IN DREAMLAND

Meet me tonight in dreamland,
Under the silv'ry moon;
Meet me tonight in dreamland,
Where love's sweet roses bloom.
Come with the love-light gleaming,
In your dear eyes of blue;
Oh, meet me in dreamland,
Sweet dreamy dreamland,
There let my dreams come true.

WE'LL BUILD A BUNGALOW

We'll build a bungalow
Big enough for two
Big enough for two, my darling
Big enough for one-two-three-four
And when we're married
Happy we'll be.
Underneath a bamboo
Underneath a bamboo tree.,
If you'll be M-I-N-E, mine;
I'll be T-H-I-N-E, thine.
And I'll L-O-V-E, love you,
All the T-I-M-E, time.
You are the B-E-S-t, best
Of all the R-E-S-T, rest,
And we'll be C-O-Z-Y, cozy
In our N-E-S-T, nest.
Say! That's where my money goes
To buy my baby clothes.
I buy her everything
Just to keep that gal in style
(Make her look good)
She's worth her weight in gold,
My coal-black jelly-roll
Say, boys, that's where my money goes.
It takes an M-I-double S, miss;
To make a K-I-double S, kiss,
And an S-H-O-T, shotgun, for a wedding.
That kiss you gave me
Really was a winner,
But it wasn't a beginner,
'Cause somebody's been here
Before you came to me.

I TOOK MY GAL OUT WALKING

I took my gal out walking
Late one Saturday night
I took my gal out walking
When the moon was shining bright
I asked my gal to marry me
And what do you think she said
She said she wouldn't marry me
If the whole wide world were dead.
Boom a lika; boom a lika,
Boom a lika, boom, boom, boom, boom, etc.

AFTER DARK

After dark, when ev'rything is still,
And the moon comes creeping o'er the hill;
I'll be waiting patiently for you,
For I love you true,
Yes indeed I do my honey,
Come along among the everglades,
Watch the stars, see how they promenade.
You're my ever lovin' queen of all the dusky maids,
For you're my moonlight Lou.

"SHANTY TOWN"

It's only a shanty in old shanty town,
The roof is so slanty
It touches the ground
Just a tumbled down shack
By an old railroad track
Like a millionaire's mansion
Keeps calling me back
I'd give up a palace if I were a king
It's more than a palace its my everything
There's a queen waiting there
With a silvery crown
In a shanty in ole shanty town.

THE SHIEK OF ARABY

I'm the Shiek of Araby
Your heart belongs to me
At night when you're asleep
Into your tent I'll creep
The stars that shine above
Will light our way to love
Oh rule this land with me
I'm the Shiek of Araby.

COCAINE BILL AND MORPHINE SUE

Walking down the avenue
Turned down Main
Looking for a place to buy cocaine.

Honey have a (sniff) have a (sniff) on me
Honey have a (sniff) have a (sniff) on me.

Farewell my Coney Island Baby
Farewell my Coney Island bride
We could have been so happy baby
But you up'd and dies.

Walking down the avenue two by two
Go Cocaine Bill and Morphine Sue.

Farewell my Coney Island
Farewell my Coney Island
Farewell my Coney Island Bride.

There in the cemetery on the hill
Lies the body of Cocaine Bill
There in the graveyard by his side
Lies the body of his morphine bride.

Honey have a (sniff) have a (sniff) on me
Honey have a (sniff) have a (sniff) on me
Honey have a (sniff) have a (sniff) on me
Honey have a (sniff) have a (sniff) (sniff) on me.

TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME

Take me out to the ball game
Take me out to the crowd
Buy me some peanuts and crackerjacks
I don't care if I never get back.
For it's root root root for the home team
If we don't win it's shame.
For it's ONE-TWO-THREE strikes you're out
At the old ball game.

WHEN WE BEGIN TO CLEAN LATRINE

When we begin to clean the latrine,
We take up a mop in our hands so tender,
We polish the seats 'till they shine in splendor,
We clean all the bowls 'till they have a sheen.

Our back starts to break as we carry on,
Our hands start to ache, develop a blister
We long for the days when we were called mister,
And not Private Stink who cleans the latrine.
'Tis then I recall with tenderness gleaming,
Those rooms on Broadway where everything glows,
Those tile floors, the fixtures so gleaming,
The hot water steaming, the doors that would close.

Oh, those were the days when life was so keen,
I didn't know the word latrine existed.
But those were the days before I enlisted (DRAFTER)
Oh, those were the days when life was so keen.
And we didn't have to clean the God-damned latrine.
And you long for the days when you were a civilian.
The things that you miss are worth more than a million.
You drop in a nickle, the faucets did trickle,
And you didn't have to clean the God-damned latrine.

POLLY WOLLY DOODLE

Oh, I wnet down South for to see my Sal,
Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day,
My Sally am a spunky girl,
Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well, my fairy Fay,
For I'm going to Louisiana,
For to see my Susyanna,
Sing Polly Wolly Doodle all the day.

MAKING WHOOPEE

The robin calls little mate
She whistles back and it's a date
They fly thru tree tops
With two or three stops, For making whoopee.
The cuddle fish are very shy
When other fish go swimming by.
But then with great speed
Head out for seaweed, To make some whoopee
Daily the flirting swallows
Head for each country vine
Surely they know what follows
But they don't give a dime
And need I mention, The crazy stork
Who has a penchant, for causing talk
If he's about you, Beyond a doubt you've
Been making whoopee.

The parrot is the strangest bird
In words as wise as most you've heard,
He says it's normal to be informal
And makes some whoopee.
He tells his friends just look at me
They caught me in a mango tree
While I was busy and very dizzy
Just making whoopee.
He used to raise the Dickens
Way down in old Brazil.
He had at least six chickens
Who always paid the bills.
But in his cage now our feathered friend
Is out of luck For to the end
He'll have his heart in
But can't take part in
This making whoopee.

Up in Vermont when winter comes,
The fellows don't just twill their thumbs
And girls attractive, Are very active
At making whoopee
Way down in Maine, Where pine trees swish
And its too cold for folks to fish
The men start sprucing, And go producing

(Continued next page)

MAKING WHOOPEE (Continued)

A lot of whoopee
Think of the joys of skiing
In each New Hampshire town
Think of the he and she-ing
After the sun goes down
We know two girl friends, Away up north
Who once were snowbound, Till March the 4th
One made a sweater, But one did better
She made some whoopee.

The sultan rings a certain bell
To call a wife, Whose name is Nell
Takes off his turban, Pours out a bourbon
Starts making whoopee
Next nite he wants a change of scene
And so he calls his wife Irene
She's only twenty, But she knows plenty
'Bout making whoopee.
Thirty wives felt neglected
Said they weren't treated fair
But this was all corrected
Now they all get their share
And now and the, The sultan's son
Who also like, A little fun
Runs thru the harem, And starts to dare'em
To make some whoopee.

POP! GOES THE WEASEL

All around the cobbler's bench,
The monkey chased the weasel;
The monkey tho't 'twas all in fun,
Pop! goes the weasel.

I've no time to wait or sigh,
No patience to wait till by and by;
Kiss me quick, I'm off, good-bye!
Pop! goes the weasel.

SONG OF THE DUDE

Tune: Yankee Doodle.

I'm glad my Dad three hundred has,
To save me from the Army;
To Ma's dear apron strings I'll hang,
And then no one can harm me.
For I'm too sweet a little man,
For common soldier camping;
And I would surely faint away,
To try their horrid tramping.

BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON

By the light of the silvery moon, I want to spoon
To my honey I'll croon, love's tune;
Honeymoon, keep-a-shining in June;
Your silvery beams will bring love's dreams,
We'll be cuddling soon, by the silvery moon.

BUBBLES

I'm forever blowing bubbles,
Pretty bubbles in the air.
They fly so high, nearly reach the sky.
Then like my dreams, they fade and die.
Fortune's always hiding. I've looked everywhere.
I'm forever blowing bubbles.
Pretty bubbles in the air.

ONE ROSE

You're the one rose that's left in my heart, dear
I Love you, adore you, I do
Each night, at love light, I wander sweetheart
Dreaming love stories anew.
Out of a blue sky, a dark cloud came rolling
Breaking my heart in two.
Please leave alone,
I love only you.
You're the one rose that's left in my heart.

IF I HAD MY WAY

If I had my way dear,
Forever there'd be
A garden of roses
For you and for me.
A thousand and one things, dear,
I would do,
Just for you, just for you,
Just for you.
If I had my way
We would never grow old
And sunshine I'd bring every day,
You would reign all alone,
Like a queen on a throne,
If I had my way.

ROLL OUT THE BARREL

Roll out the barrel, we'll have a barrel of fun,
Roll out the barrel, we've got the blues on the run.
Zing, Boom, Tarahrah
We'll sing a song of good cheer
Now's the time to roll the barrel
Cause the gang's all here.

OH THE DEACON WENT DOWN

Oh! the Deacon went down
To the cellar to pray
But he got so drunk
He had to stay all day
(REPEAT)

I ain't going to grieve my Lord no more
(REPEAT THREE MORE TIMES)

Oh some dark night
Bout twelve o'clock
This whole wide world
Agoing to reel and rock.
Oh! you cant't get to heaven
On a pair of skis
You'll skate right past
Those pearly gates.
Oh! you can't get to heaven
On a pair of skis
You'll slide right past
St Peters knees.
Oh! you can't go to heaven
In an old Ford car
Cause the darned old thing
Won't go that far.
If you get to heaven
Before I do
Just bore a hole
And pull me through.
Oh! you can't get to heaven
In a B-17
Cause the Lord don't 'llow
No flying machines.
Oh! you cant't go to heaven
In a rocking chair
Cause the Lord don't 'llow
No lazy folkes there.

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE

Once I was happy, but now I'm forlorn
Like an old coat that is tattered and torn,
Left in this wide world to weep and to mourn,
Betrayed by a maid in her teens.
Oh, this maid that I loved, she was handsome and swell,
And I tried all I knew, her to please
But I never could do it one quarter so well
As the Man on the Flying Trapeze!

CHORUS

Oh! he floats thro' the air with the greatest of ease,
The daring young man on the Flying Trapeze,
His actions are graceful, all girls he does please--
And my love he has stolen away!
He'd play with a miss, like a cat with a mouse,
His eyes would undress every maid in the house;
Perhaps he is better described as a louse,
But still people came just the same.
He'd smile from the bar on the people below,
And one night he smiled on my love;
She blew him a kiss, and she hollered "Bravo!",
As he hung from his nose up above! --

CHORUS

I wept and I whimpered, I whimpered for weeks,
While she spent all her time with the circus's freaks,
The tears were like hail-stones that rolled down my cheeks,
Alas, and alak, and alaska.
I went to this fellow, this blackguard and said,
"I'll see that you get your desserts."
His thumb to his nose he put up with a sneer
He sneered once again and said, "Nertz".

CHORUS

(Continued next page)

THE MAN ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE (Continued)

One night to his tent, he invited her in;
Filled her with compliments, kisses, and gin,
That started her off on the road to roo-in;
She made the supreme sacrifice.
But ev'n tho' I loved her I said,
"Take my name, I will gladly forgive and forget!"
She rustled her bustle, and then without shame,
She said, "Maybe later, not yet!"

CHORUS

One night I as usual went to her home,
Found there her father and mother alone,
I asked for my love, and soon 'twas known
To my horror, that she'd run away!
Without any trousseau, she fled in the night,
With him with the greatest of ease,
From two stories high, he had lowered her down,
To the ground on his flying trapeze!

CHORUS

Some months after that, I went into a hall,
And to my surprise I found there on a wall,
A bill in red letters, which did my heart gall,
That she was appearing with him.
He'd taught her gymnastics, and dressed her in tights,
To help him to live at his ease;
He'd made her assume a masculine name,
And now she goes on the trapeze!

CHORUS

Oh! She floats thro' the air, with the greatest of ease,
You'd think her a man on the Flying Trapeze!
Her actions are graceful, all girls she does please,
And that's what's become of my love!

BOMBED

We were bombed last night, bombed the night before,
And we're gonna be bombed tonight as we never
were bombed before.

When we're bombed, we're as scared as we can be,
They can bomb the whole darn Army if they don't
bomb me.

CHORUS

They're over us, over us,
One little cave for the four of us,
Glory be to God, there are no more of us
Or they'd surely bomb the whole darned crew.

NOBODY KNOWS THE TROUBLE I'VE SEEN

Nobody knows the trouble I've seen,
Nobody knows but Jesus;
Nobody knows the trouble I've seen,
Glory Hallelujah!

Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down;
Oh, yes, Lord!
Sometimes I'm almost to the groun';
Oh, yes, Lord!
Nobody knows, etc.

Although you see me goin' long so;
Oh, yes, Lord!
I have my troubles here below;
Oh, yes, Lord!
Nobody knows, etc.

What makes old Satan hate me so?
Oh, yes, Lord!
'Cause he got me once an' let me go;
Oh, yes, Lord!
Nobody knows, etc.

THE WHIFFENPOOFS SONG

From the tables down at Morrie's,
To the place where Louie dwells,
To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well,
Sit the Whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high,
And the magic of their singing casts a spell.
Yes the magic of their singing
Of the songs we love so well.
"Am I Wasting", and "Mavourneen", and the rest.
We will serenade our Louie
While life and breath shall last.
Then we'll pass and be forgotten like the rest.
We're poor little lambs,
Who have lost our way.
Baa, baa, baa.
We're little black sheep.
Who have gone astray,
Baa, baa, baa.
Gentlemen, songsters off on a spree,
Damned from here to eternity.
God have mercy on such as we.
Baa, baa, baa.

OLD BEER BOTTLE

T'was only an old beer bottle
Afloating on the foam
T'was an old beer bottle a million miles from home.
Inside there was a message
These words were written on.
Whoever finds this bottle,
Will find the beer all gone.

I WAS LYING IN THE GUTTER

I was lying in the gutter
All covered up with beer
Had pretzels in my whiskers
I thought the end was near.
Then came the glorious Army
To save me from the curse
Everybody bust a gut and sing the second verse

Oh Hallaluya, Hallaluya,
Throw a nickel on the drum
Just to save a drunken bum
Oh Hallaluya, Hallaluya,
Throw a nickel on the drum and you'll be saved.

G-L-O-R-Y just to be S-A-V-E-D
H-A-P-P-Y just to be F-R-double E-E
F-R-double E from the wages of S-I-N
Tra la la la Tra la la la
Sing that song again.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
I had a little drink about an hour ago
And its gone right to my head
Wherever I may roam
On land or sea or foam
You will always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home.

Indicate the way to my abode
I'm fatigued and I want to retire
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago
And it went right to my cerebellum
Wherever I may perambulate
On land or sea or atmospheric strait
Now you can always hear me crooning this melody
Indicate the way to my abode.

MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN

Now there came a local trapper,
With his pockets full of furs,
And he took her to the mountains,
Way up in the mountains.
And they stayed up in the mountains,
Stayed up in the mountains,
And they stayed up in the mountains,
All that night.
But later it was stated she was not
Contaminated, and she's still
As pure as the West Virginia Skies.

Now there came a local deacon,
With his bible in his hand.
And he took her up in the mountains,
Way up in the mountains,
And they stayed up in the mountains,
Stayed up in the mountains,
And they stayed up in the mountains,
All that night.
But alas for the poor deacon,
He didn't get what he came for,
And she's still as pure
As the West Virginia Skies.

Now there came a local cowboy,
With his six-gun in his hand,
And he took her up in the mountains,
Way up in the mountains,
And they stayed up in the mountains,
Stayed up in the mountains,
And they stayed up in the mountains,
All that night.
But in spite of that cowboy's urgin,
She still remained a---lady.
And she's still as pure as
The West Virginia Skies.

(Continued next page)

MAID OF THE MOUNTAIN (Continued)

Now there came a city slicker with his pockets
Full of bills,
And he took her in the mountains,
Way up in the mountains,
And they stayed up in the mountains,
Stayed up in the mountains,
And they stayed up in the mountains,
All that night,
She came down next morning early,
More a woman, than a girlie.
And her father kicked that hussy out of his sight.

There's a moral to this ditty, now she's
A-living in the city.
And from all accounts she's doing mighty well,
For she's wining and she's dinning,
And she's on the bed reclining,
And the West Virginia Skies can go to Hell.

YELLOW RIBBON

Round her neck she wore a yellow ribbon,
She wore it in the springtime and in
The month of May.
And when they asked her why the hell
She wore it,
She wore it for her trooper who was
Far, far away.

Far Away, Far Away.
Oh, she wore it for her trooper
Who was far, far away.
Far away, far away,
Oh, she wore it for her trooper
Who was far, far away.

TAVERN IN THE TOWN

There's a tavern in the town, in the town.
And there my true love sits him down,
Sits him down.
And drinks his wine as merry as can be,
And never, never thinks of me.

SGT FLYNN

Through the night the Sioux were singing, SGT Flynn
You can hear those tom-toms ringing, SGT Flynn
Oh I hear those Sioux bucks singing
But they don't know yet the tune of Garry Owen.

CHORUS

Garry Owen, Garry Owen, Garry Owen
In the valley of Montana alone
There are better days to be
For the Seventh Cavalry
When we charge again to dear old Garry Owen

There goes the First Call blowing SGT Flynn
And it sounds like Taps was blowing, SGT Flynn
Oh my lad that's only Fancy
Take a brace PVT Clancy.
You'll feel better when they strike up Garry Owen

CHORUS

There goes "Boots and Saddles" sounding SGT Flynn
To the line the men are bounding SGT Flynn
Hurry saddle up and fall in
For the trumpets are a-callin
And the band is tuning up for Garry Owen

CHORUS

There's the "Forward" were advancing SGT Flynn
In the breeze the guiden's dancing SGT Flynn
"Trot march", "Gallop", "Charlie" by thunder
We'll ride the cut throats under
Drive your saber to the hilt for Gary Owen

CHORUS

We are ambushed and surrounded SGT Flynn
But "Recall" has not yet sounded SGT Flynn
Have your men stand fast and rally
Make a last stand in this valley
For the Seventh Cavalry and Garry Owen

CHORUS

(Continued next page)

SGT FLYNN (Continued)

You lie out and scalped and battered SGT Flynn
All the men are dead and scattered SGT Flynn
I will make the grave tomorrow
With my head bowed down in sorrow
O'er you grave I'll whistle "Taps" and "Garry Owen"

CHORUS

RODGER YOUNG

Oh, they got no time for glory,
In the Infantry
They got no time for praises,
Loudly sung.
But in soldiers heart in all the Infantry,
Shines the name, shines the name of,
Private Rodger Young.
Shines the name, Rodger Young.

CHORUS

Fought and died for the men he marched among,
To the ever loving glory of the Infantry,
Shines the name of Private Rodger Young.

It was he who caught the fire of the enemy,
That a company of men might live to fight,
And before the deadly fire of the enemy,
Stood the man, stood the man,
We Hail tonight.
Stood the man, Rodger Young.

CHORUS

On the island of New Georgia in the Solomons,
Stands a simple wooden cross alone to tell,
That beneath this silent portal
Of the Solomons,
Sleeps a man, sleeps a man,
Remembered well.
Sleeps a man, Rodger Young.

CHORUS

WHEN IRISH EYES ARE SMILING

When Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure, tis like a morn in spring,
In the lilt of Irish laughter,
You can hear the angels sing,
When Irish hearts are happy,
All the world seems bright and gay,
But when Irish eyes are smiling,
Sure they steal your heart away.

JUANITA

Soft O'er the fountain, ling'ering falls the
Southern moon,
Far O'er the mountain, breaks the day too soon.
In thy dark eyes' splendor, where the warm light
Loves to dwell.
Weary looks, yet tender, speak their fond farewell.
Nita. Juanita. Ask thy soul if we should part.
Nita. Juanita. Lean thou on my heart.

HEART OF MY HEART

Heart of my heart, how I love that melody,
Heart of my heart, brings back those memories,
When we were kids, on the corner of the square,
We were rough and ready guys, but oh,
How we could harmonize, to---
Heart of my heart, all our friends were dearer then,
Too bad we had to part.
I know a tear would glisten,
If once more I could listen to---
That gang that sang,
Heart of my heart.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.
Swing low, sweet chariot,
Comin' for to carry me home.

I looked over Jordan, and what did I see,
Comin' for to carry me home,
A band of angels comin' after me.
Comin' for to carry me home.

Similarly:

If you get there before I do,
Jes tell my frien's I'm comin' too.

The brightest day that ever I saw.
When Jesus washed my sins away.

I'm sometimes up an' sometime's down,
But still my soul feels heavenly down'

I never went to Heaven, but I been told,
The streets in Heaven am paved with gold.

DOWN FROM HEAVEN

11th Airborne Division Song.

Down from heaven, comes' Eleven,
And there's Hell to pay below.
Shout Geronimo, Geronimo.

Hit the silk and check your canopy,
And take a look around.
The air is full of troopers,
Set for battle on the ground.
Till we join the stick of Angels,
Killed on Leyte and Luzon,
Shout Geronimo, Geronimo.

It's a gory road to glory,
But we're ready, here we go,
Shout Geronimo, Geronimo.

IN THE SHADE OF THE OLD APPLE TREE

In the shade of the old apple tree,
Where the love in your eyes I could see,
And the song that I heard was the song of the bird,
Seemed to whisper sweet music to me.
I could hear the dull buzz of the bee,
In the flowers that you sent to me.
With a heart that is true, I'll be awaiting for you,
In the shade of the old apple tree.

CANNIBAL KING

Oh, a cannibal king with a big nose ring,
Fell in love with a dusty maid.
And every night, in the pale moonlight,
Across the lake he came.
He hugged and kissed this pretty little miss
Under the bamboo tree.
And every night in the pale moonlight,
It sounded like this to me:
Boom-Boom (Smack-Smack) Boom-Boom (Smack-Smack)
Under the bamboo tree (Repeat)

We'll build a bungalow big enough for two
Big enough for two, my darling, big enough for two
And when we're married happy we'll be
Under the bamboo, under the bamboo tree
If you'll be M-I-N-E mine, I'll be T-H-I-N-E thine
And I'll L-O-V-E love you all the T-I-M-E time
You are the B-E-S-T best, of all the R-E-S-T rest
And I'll L-O-V-E love you all the T-I-M-E time.

BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream,
Where I first met you;
With your eyes of blue,
Dressed in gingham too,
It was there I knew
That you loved me true;
You were sixteen
My village queen
Down by the old mill stream.

VIVE L'AMOUR

Let every good fellow now join in song,
Vive Le Compagnie!
Success to each other and pass it along,
Vive La Compagne!
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour,
Vive la compagnie!

Come all you good fellows and join in with me,
And raise up your voices in close harmony.

Let every old bachelor fill up his glass,
And drink to the hearth of his favorite lass.

Let every old married man drink to his wife,
The joy of his bosom and comfort of life.

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

Goin' to take a sentimental journey,
Goin' to set my heart at ease,
Goin' to take a sentimental journey,
To renew old memories.
Got my bag and got my reservation,
Spent each dime I could afford.
Like a child in wild anticipation,
Long to hear that "all 'board".
Seven; that's the time we leave,
At seven.
I'll be waiting up for heaven,
Countin' every mile of railroad track,
That takes me back,
Never thought my heart could be so yearnin'
Why did I decide to roam,
Goin' to take a sentimental journey,
Sentimental journey home.

GALWAY BAY

If you ever go across the sea to Ireland,
Then maybe at the closing of the day;
You will sit and watch the moon rise over Claddagh,
And see the sun go down on Galway Bay.

Just to hear again the ripple of the trout stream,
The women in the meadows making hay;
And to sit beside a turf fire in the cabie,
And watch the barefoot gossons at their play.

For the breezes blowing o'er the seas from Ireland,
Are perfumed by the heather as they blow;
And the women in the upland digging pratties
Speak a language that the strangers do not know.

For the strangers came and tried to teach us their way,
They scorn'd us just for being what we are;
But they might as well go chasing after moonbeams,
Or light a penny candle from a star.

And if there is going to be a life hereafter,
And somehow I am sure there's going to be;
I will ask my God to let me make my heaven,
In that dear land across the Irish Sea.

YOU ALWAYS HURT THE ONE YOU LOVE

You always hurt the one you love,
The one you shouldn't hurt at all.
You always take the sweetest rose
And crush it till the petals fall.
You always break the kindest heart
With a hasty word you can't recall.
So if I broke your heart last night,
It's because I love you best of all.

THAT'S AN IRISH LULLABY

Over in Killarney,
Many years ago,
Me Mither sang a song to me
In tones so sweet and low.
Just a simple little ditty,
In her good ould Irish way,
And I'd give the world if she could sing
That song to me this day.

Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
Hush, now don't you cry:
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
Too-ra-loo-ra-li,
Too-ra-loo-ra-loo-ral,
That's an Irish lullaby.

DID YOUR MOTHER COME FROM IRELAND

Did your mother come from Ireland
'Cos there's something in you Irish
Will you tell me where you get those Irish eyes.
And before she left Killarney
Did your mother kiss the Blarney
'Cos your little touch of brogue you can't disguise.

Oh, I wouldn't be romancin'
I almost see you dancin'
Where the Kerry pipers play;
Sure and maybe we'll be sharin'
In the shamrock you'll be wearin'
On the next St. Patrick's Day.
Did your mother come from Ireland
'Cos there's something in you Irish
And that bit of Irish steals my heart away.

THAT OLD GANG OF MINE

Gee, but I'd give the world to see
That old gang of mine.
I can't forget that old quartet
That sang "Sweet Adeline".
Goodbye forever old fellows and gals
Goodbye forever old sweethearts and pals (God bless them)
Bee, but I'd give the world to see
That old gang of mine.

WHILE STROLLING THROUGH THE PARK ONE DAY

While strolling through the park one day
In the merry month of May
A pair of roguish eyes, they took me by surprise,
In a moment my poor heart she stole away.
A smile was all she gave to me
Of course we were as happy as could be
Oh! I immediately raised my hat
And made a polite remark
I never shall forget that lovely afternoon
I met her at the fountain in the park.

YOU CAN'T BE TRUE DEAR

You can't be true, dear
There's nothing more to say.
I trusted you, dear,
Hoping you'd find a way.
Your kisses tell me
That you and I are through.
But I'll keep loving you
Although you can't be true.

DANANG

(Sung to Swanee)

Danang
How I love ya
How I love ya
My Dear Old Danang
The Folks down south in Saigon
don't know
The Folks up north in Hanoi
no, no
(I'm with ya)
Danang, I'm a singing
I'm a plugging
For all of I Corps
WE're soon to see results
WE're soon to bust our guts
in helping you to help yourself
Gang, Danang is the place I want
to save in old I Corps
The Folks up north, won't leave
us alone
So we cannot give up and
go home

(To the Tune of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again")

When ARVN Comes Marching Home Again, hoorah, hoorah
There'll be a lot of corruption then hoorah, hoorah
The Nyugen's are in and the HO's are out
The peasants they will curse and shout
 and we'll all exchange P's when the ARVN comes
 marching home
When RF's give up the ghost again,
 oh woe, oh woe
The PF's they will also go,
 oh woe, oh woe
The PSDF's will tumble and shake
The hamlet chiefs will also quake
As eyes wonder,
 "Who the next will be"
Perhaps the Russians or the Chinese will take
 control
Perhaps the generals in Saigon will
 play the role
It's you and me and DIEN BIEN PHU
Perplexily watching the Saigon Zoo
 and THIEU or KY or MINH or who
When ARVN Comes Marching Home.....

(Sung to "God Bless America")

Buddha bless Sai-go-on
Buddha bless old HUE
Bless Can-Tho
Bless Dalat
And the Man in palace today
From old I Corps to the Delta
to the Highlands
Filled with "yards"
Buddha bless them all
And guard especially our
own guards

WHEN THE WORK IS DONE THIS FALL

A group of jolly cowboys were talking plans at ease,
Says one, "I'll tell you something, boys, if you will listen, please!
I am an old cowpuncher, although I'm dressed in rags
I used to be a tough one and take to great big drags.

I have got a home, boys, a good one, you all know;
Although I have not seen it since long, long ago,
But I'm goin' back to Dixie once more to see them all;
I'm goin' to see my mother, when the work is done next fall.

CIGAREETS AND WHISKEY

Once I was happy and had a good wife
I had enough money to last me my life
I met with a girl and we went on a spree
She taught me to smoke and drink whiskey.

CHORUS

Cigareets and whiskey and wild women
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Cigareets and whiskey and wild women
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane.

Cigareets is a blot on the whole human race
A man is a monkey with one in his face
Here's my definition believe me dear brother
A fire on one end and a fool on the other.

CHORUS

SAIGON CITY SUE

Tune: Sioux City Sue

I met a gal in old Saigon
I asked her what was new
She said I think this morning
They hold another coup
I don't know who they couped this time
I surely don't know who
The only thing I know for sure
We has a little coup!

AFTER YOU'VE GONE

After you've gone, and left me crying;
After you've gone,
There's no denying;
You'll feel blue, You'll feel sad,
You'll miss the dearest pal you've ever had;
There'll come a time, now don't forget it,
There'll come a time, when you'll regret it;
Some day, when you grow lonely,
Your heart will break like mine and you'll want me only,
After you've gone,
After you've gone away.

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

Old soldiers never die - they just fade away.

There is an old mess hall
Not far away
Where we get pork and beans three times a day.
Ham and eggs, we never see
Even when we're on KP
And we are gradually - fading away.

Old soldiers never die
Never die, never die,
Old soldiers never die,
They just fade away.

Privates, they love their beer three times a day
Corporals, they love their stripes and that ain't hay.
Sergeants put you through the mill
They just drill and drill and drill
And they will drill until they fade away.

SWANEE

Swanee, how I love you, how I love you, my dear old Swanee
I'd give the world to be down among the folks on D I X I -
Even know my mammy's waitin' for me, praying for me,
down by the Swanee,
The folks up North will see me no more
When I get to that Swanee Shore.

AMERICA FOR ME

"Tis fine to see the old world, and travel up and down
Among the famous palaces and cities of renown,
To admire the crumbly castles and the statues of the Kings;
But now I think I've had enough of antiquated things.

So it's home again, and home again, America for me!
My heart is turning home again and there I long to be.
In the land of youth and freedom beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

Oh, London is a man's town; there's the power in the air;
And Paris is a woman's town, with flowers in her hair.
And it's sweet to dream in Venice and it's great to study Rome;
But when it comes to living, there is no place like home.

I like the German fir-woods, in green battalions drilled;
I like the gardens of Versailles with flashing fountains filled.
But, oh, to take your hand, my dear, and ramble for a day
In the friendly western woodland where Nature has her way!

I know that Europe's wonderful, yet something seems to lack!
The past is too much with her, and the people looking back.
But the glory of the present is to make the future free, --
We love our land for what she is and what she is to be.

Oh, it's home again, and home again, America for me!
I want a ship that's westward bound to plough the rolling sea,
To the blessed Land of Room Enough beyond the ocean bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars.

MAKE BELIEVE

We could make believe I love you
Only make believe, that you love me.
Others find peace of mind in pretending
Couldn't you, couldn't I, couldn't we?
Make believe our lips are blending
In a phantom kiss, or two, or three,
Might as well make believe I love you
For to tell the truth, I do.

AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'

No one to talk with, all by myself,
No one to walk with, but I'm happy on the shelf.
Ain't misbehavin', I'm savin' my love for you.
I know for certain the one I love,
I'm thru with flirtin' it's just you I'm thinkin' of,
Ain't misbehavin', I'm savin' my love for you.
Like Jack Horner in the corner, don't go nowhere, what do I care,
Your kisses are worth waitin' for, believe me
I don't stay out late, don't care to go,
I'm home about eight, just me and my radio,
Ain't misbehavin', I'm savin' my love for you.

THE TENNESSEE CANNON BALL

Tune: Wabash Cannon Ball

Said the Colonel to the General, "I'm from Sodie, Tennessee.
I led the Second Battalion deep into Germany.
I'm the leader of the Task Force of B and C and D,
And I will take them further if they'll only follow me.

Said the General to the Colonel, "If you get them 'cross the bar,
I'll see that you get the DSC and another Silver Star. "
Chug chug chug, keep 'em rollin' boys, there's nothing up ahead.
Thirty minutes later, the whole Task Force was dead.

So listen all you tankers as you burn that gasoline.
Listen to what the Colonel said and what the Colonel seen.
If you want to draw old fogie pay and see the folks next fall,
Stay thirty miles behind the tanks of the Tennessee Cannon Ball.

ANNIVERSARY SONG

OH! how we danced on the night we were wed
We vowed our true love though a word wasn't said.
The world was in bloom, there were stars in the skies,
Except for the few that were there in your eyes.
Dear, as I held you so close in my arms,
Angels were singing a hymn to your charms.
Two hearts gently beating were murmuring low
"My darling, I love you so."
The night seemed to fade into blossoming dawn,
The sun shone anew but the dance lingered on.
Could we but relive that sweet moment sublime
We'd find that our love is unaltered by time.

ANY TIME

Any time you're feeling lonely,
Any time you're feeling blue,
Any time you feel downhearted,
That will prove your love for me is true.
Any time you're thinking 'bout me,
That's the time I'll be thinking of you,
So any time you say you want me back again,
That's the time I'll come back home to you.

AH! SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE

Ah! sweet mystery of life, at last I've found thee.
Ah! I know at last the secret of it all
All the longing, seeking, striving, waiting, yearning,
The burning hopes, the joy and idle tears that fall!
For 'tis love and love alone, the world is seeking;
And 'tis love, and love alone, that can repay!
'Tis the answer, 'tis the end all of living,
For it is love alone that rules for aye.

MY GAL SAL

They called her frivolous Sal,
A peculiar sort of a gal,
With a heart that was mellow,
An all 'round good fellow,
Was my old pal.
Your troubles, sorrows and cares,
She was always willing to share;
A wild sort of devil,
But dead on the level,
Was my gal Sal.

MEXICALI ROSE

Mexicali Rose, stop crying
I'll come back to you some sunny day
Ev'ry night you know that I'll be pining
Ev'ry hour a year while I'm away
Dry those big brown eyes and smile, dear,
Banish all those tears and please don't sigh
Kiss me once again and hold me;
Mexicali Rose goodbye.

MONA LISA

Mona Lisa, Mona Lisa men have named you:
You're so like the lady with the mystic smile.
Is it only 'cause you're lonely they have clausd you
For the Mona Lisa strangeness in your smile?
Do you smile to tempt a lover, Mona Lisa,
Or is this your way to hide a broken heart?
Many dreams have been brought to your doorstep;
They just lie there, and they die there.
Are you warm, are you real, Mona Lisa,
Or just a cold and lonely, lovely work of art?

BEAUTIFUL BROWN EYES

Willie, I love you, my Darlin',
Love you with all my heart;
Tomorrow we might have been married,
But ramblin' has kept us apart.
Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes
Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes
Beautiful, beautiful brown eyes,
I'll never love blue eyes again.

Down through the barroom he staggered
And fell down by the door;
The very last words that he uttered
"I'll never see Brown Eyes no more."

BALLIN' THE JACK

First you put your two knees close up tight,
Then you sway 'em to the left, then you sway 'em to the right,
Step around the floor kind of nice and light,
Then you twis' around and twis' around with all your might,
Stretch your lovin' arms straight out in space
Then you do the Eagle Rock with style and grace
Swing your foot way 'round then bring it back,
Now that's what I call Ballin' the Jack.

BASIN STREET BLUES

Basin Street, is the street,
Where the elite
Always meet in New Orleans,
Lan' of dreams,
You'll never know how nice it seems or just how much it really means;
Glad to be,
Yes, siree, where welcome's free,
Dear to me,
Where I can lose,
My Basin Street Blues.

PEOPLE WILL SAY WE'RE IN LOVE

Don't throw bouquets at me;
Don't please my folks too much;
Don't laugh at my jokes too much;
People will say we're in love.
Don't sigh and gaze at me,
Your sighs are so like mine,
Your eyes mustn't glow like mine,
People will say we're in love.
Don't start collecting things,
Give me my rose and my glove,
Sweetheart, they're suspecting things,
People will say we're in love.

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNIN'

There's a bright golden haze on the meadow-
There's a bright golden haze on the meadow-
The corn is as high as an elephant's eye,
And it looks like it's climbin' clear up to the sky.
Oh, what a beautiful mornin!
Oh, what a beautiful day.
I got a beautiful feelin'
Ev'rything's goin' my way.

MY HEART SINGS

All of a sudden my heart sings,
When I remember little things,
The way you dance and hold me tight,
The way you kiss and say goodnight,
The crazy things we say and do,
The fun it is to be with you,
The magic thrill that's in your touch,
Oh, darling, I love you so much,
The secret way you press my hand,
To let me know you understand,
The wind and rain upon your face,
The breathless world of your embrace,
Your little laugh and half surprise,
The starlight gleaming in your eyes,
Rememb'ring all those little things,
All of a sudden my heart sings.

BIRMINGHAM JAIL

Down on the levee, levee so low
Late in the evening hear that train blow
Hear the train blow, love,
Hear the train blow
Late in the evening, hear the train blow.

Roses love sunshine, violets love dew,
Angels in heaven know I love you.
Write me a letter, send it by mail,
Send it in care of the Birmingham jail.

Down in the meadows, down on my knees,
Praying to heaven, give my heart ease,
Pining for you, love, pining for you,
Kiss me once more, love, then I must go.

BE ANYTHING

Be a beggar, be a thief,
Be my sunshine or my grief
Be anything, but, darling, be mine.
Be a wise man, be a fool,
Treat me tender or be cruel
Be anything, but, darling, be mine.
Climb to the top of the ladder,
Be master of all you survey
Fail and it still doesn't matter
If you love me everything is OK.
Be the angel of my prayers
Be the devil who cares
Be anything, but darling, be mine.

CAROLINA IN THE MORNING

Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina in the morning,
No one could be sweeter than my sweetie when I meet her in the morning.
Where the morning glories twine around the door
Whispering pretty stories I long to hear once more,
Strolling with my girlie where the dew is pearly early in the morning,
Butterflies all flutter up and kiss each little buttercup at dawning,
If I had Aladdin's lamp for only a day
I'd make a wish and here's what I'd say:
"Nothing could be finer than to be in Carolina in the morning."

BEWITCHED

I'm wild again
Beguiled again
A simpering, whimpering child again;
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I
Couldn't sleep, and wouldn't sleep,
When love came and told me I shouldn't sleep,
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.
Lost my heart, but what of it?
He is cold I agree,
He can laugh, but I love it,
Although the laugh's on me.
I'll sing to him,
Each spring to him
And long for the day when I'll cling to him,
Bewitched, bothered and bewildered am I.

SAN ANTONIO ROSE

Deep within my heart lies a melody,
A song of old San Antone;
Where in dreams I live with a memory,
Beneath the stars all alone.
It was there I found beside the Alamo,
Enchantment strange as the blue up above.
A moon lit pass that only she would know
Still hears my broken song of love.
Moon in all your splendor, know only my heart;
Call back my Rose, Rose of San Antone.
Lips so sweet and tender like petals falling apart
Speak once again of my love, my own.
Broken song, empty words I know still live in my heart
All alone, for that moon-lit pass by the Alamo,
And Rose, my Rose of San Antone.

TELL ME WHY

Tell me why the stars do shine,
Tell me why the ivy twines,
Tell me why the skies are blue,
And I will tell you why I love you.

I had a heart and it was true,
But now it's gone from me to you.
Take care of it as I have done,
For you have two hearts and I have none.

OVER THE RAINBOW

Somewhere over the rainbow way up high,
There's a land that I heard of once in a lullaby,
Somewhere over the rainbow skies are blue,
And the dreams that you dare to dream really do come true.
Some day I'll wish upon a star and wake up where the clouds
are far behind me,
Where troubles melt like lemon drops, away, above the
chimney tops
That's where you'll find me.
Somewhere over the rainbow blue birds fly
Birds fly over the rainbow, why then, oh why can't I?

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TEXAS

The stars at night are big and bright,
Deep in the heart of Texas;
The prairie sky is wide and high,
Deep in the heart of Texas.
The sage in bloom is like perfume,
Deep in the heart of Texas;
Reminds me of the one I love,
Deep in the heart of Texas.
The coyotes wail along the trail,
Deep in the heart of Texas;
The rabbits rush around the brush,
Deep in the heart of Texas.
The cowboys cry, "Ki-yip-pee-yi,"
Deep in the heart of Texas;
The dogies bawl, and bawl and bawl,
Deep in the heart of Texas.

COME TO ME MY MELANCHOLY BABY

Come to me, my melancholy baby,
Cuddle up and don't be blue.
All your fears are foolish fancies, maybe
You know, dear, that I'm in love with you.
Every cloud must have a silver lining
Wait until the sun shines through.
Smile, my honey dear,
While I kiss away each tear
Or else I will be melancholy, too.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

There's a pawnshop on a corner in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
And I walk up and down 'neath the clock;
By the pawnshop on a corner in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania,
But I ain't got a thing left to hock.
She was peaches, she was honey and she cost me all my money
'Cause a whirl 'round the town was her dream.
Took her dancin', took her dinin' till her blue eyes were shinin'
With the sights that they never had seen.
If you should run into a goldenhaired angel and ask her tonight
for a date,
She'll tell you somewhere there's a rich millionaire,
Who is calling again about eight.
There's a pawnshop on a corner in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
And I've just got to get five or ten
From the pawnshop on a corner in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Gotta be with my angel again.

PRETEND

Pretend you're happy when you're blue
It isn't very hard to do
And you'll find happiness without an end
Whenever you pretend.
Remember anyone can dream
And nothing's bad as it may seem
The little things you haven't got
Could be a lot, if you'd pretend.
You'll find a love you can share,
One you can call all your own
Just close your eyes she'll be there.
You'll never be alone
And if you sing this melody
You'll be pretending just like me
The world is mine, it can be yours my friend
So why don't you pretend.

MARIE

Marie, the dawn is breaking,
Marie, you'll soon be waking,
To find your heart is aching,
And tears will fall as you recall,
The moon in all its splendor,
The kiss so very tender,
The words will you surrender to me, Marie.

IT'S NO SIN

Take away the breath of flowers, it would surely be a sin;
Take the rain from April showers it's a sin.
Take away the violins, dear, from a lovely symphony,
And the music deep within would cease to be.
Is it a sin to love you so?
To hold you close and know you are leaving,
Though you take away my heart, dear,
Still the beating there within,
I'll keep loving you forever, for it's no sin.

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream
Where I first met you.
With you eyes so blue;
Dressed in gingham, too.
It was there I knew
That I loved you true
You were sixteen;
My village queen;
Down by the old mill stream.

BABY FACE

Baby Face, you've got the cutest little baby face.
There's not another one could take your place,
Baby face, my poor heart is jumping
You sure have started something
Baby face, I'm up in heaven when
I'm in your fond embrace
I didn't need a shave, cause I just fell in love
With your pretty Baby Face.

WHILE THE BAND PLAYED ON

Casey would waltz with a strawberry blond,
While the band played on;
He would waltz round the floor
With the girl he adored,
While the band played on;
His head was so loaded, it nearly exploded
The poor girl, she shook with alarm,
He ne'er left the girl with the Strawberry curl,
And the band played on.

NOW IS THE HOUR

Now is the hour,
When we must say goodbye;
Soon you'll be sailing far across the sea;
While you're away, O, then remember me.
When you return,
You'll find me waiting there.

SWEET EMBRACEABLE YOU

Embrace me - my sweet embraceable you,
Embrace me - my irreplaceable you
Just one look at you - my heart goes tipsy in me,
You and you alone bring out the gypsy in me.
I love all the many charms about you
Above all I want my arms about you
Don't be a naughty baby,
Come to pappa - Come to pappa - do,
My sweet embraceable you.

BEER BARREL POLKA

Roll out the barrel, we'll have a barrel of fun;
Roll out the barrel, we've got the blues on the run.
Zing boom to ralla, Ring out a song of good cheer;
Now's the time to roll the barrel
For the gang's all here.

BIG WHEELS

Over hills, over ruts,
We are picking up the butts,
Cause the Big Wheels are coming along.

Do not slip, off your ass
Pick up papers, pick up brass
Cause the Big Wheels are coming along.

Oh the gooks can wait,
Till the trenches are all straight,
When they get here nothing must be wrong.
For you cannot fight
When the trenches are not right
And the Big Wheels are coming along.

Oh you may not think
That they care if you don't drink
Use the water so you won't smell strong
We will make our stand
With a soap dish in our hand,
Cause the Big Wheels are coming along.

I'M LOOKING OVER A FOUR LEAF CLOVER

I'm looking over a four leaf clover,
That I overlooked before.
One leaf is sunshine, the second is rain,
Third is the roses that grow in the rain
No need explainin' the one remaining is somebody I adore.
I'm looking over a four leaf clover
That I overlooked before.

TENNESSEE WALTZ

I was waltzing with my darling
To the Tennessee waltz
When an old friend I happened to meet,
Introduced him -- to my loved one
and while they were dancing
My friend stole my sweetheart from me.

I remember the night
And the Tennessee Waltz
Now I know just how much I have lost.

Yes, I lost my little darling
The night they were playing
The beautiful Tennessee Waltz.

CRUISING DOWN THE RIVER

Cruising down the river
On a Sunday afternoon,
With one you love, the sun above,
Waiting for the moon.
The old accordion playing
A sentimental tune,
Cruising down the river
On a Sunday afternoon.

The birds above, all sing of love
A gentle sweet refrain,
The winds around, all make a sound
Like softly falling rain.
Just two of us together,
We'll plan a honeymoon
Cruising down the river
On a Sunday afternoon.

COLD WINTER EVENING

Twas a cold winter evening
The guests were all leaving,
O'Leary was closing the bar.
When he turned and he said to the lady in red.
"Get out. You can't stay where you are."
She shed a sad tear in her bucket of beer,
As she thought of the cold night ahead,
When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the phone booth
and these are the words that he said.

"Her mother never told her
The things a young girl should know,
About the ways of Army men and how they come and go (mostly go)
Now age has taken her beauty,
And sin has left its sad scar,
So remember your Mothers and sisters boys,
And let her sleep under the bar."

BACK HOME AGAIN IN INDIANA

Back home again in Indiana, and
It seems that I can see
The gleaming candle light - still shining bright
Through the sycamore for me
The new mowen hay sends all its fragrance
Cross the fields I used to roam
When I dream about the moonlight on the Wabash
Then I long for my Indiana home.

MOCKING BIRD HILL

Tra-la-la, tittle-dee-dee, it gives me a thrill
To wake up in the morning to the mocking birds trill.
Tra-la-la, twit-dee-dee, there's peace and good will
You're welcome as the flowers on Mocking Bird Hill.

MOUNTAIN DEW

My brother Bill runs a still on the hill,
Where he brews it up gallons at a time,
The buzzards in the sky get so drunk they can't fly,
Just from smellin' that good old mountain dew.

CHORUS

They call it that good old mountain dew,
And them that refuse it are few,
So, lift up your mug and I'll fill up your jug,
With that good old mountain dew.

My brother Bart he's sawed off and short,
Been that way all of his life,
But give a pint and he feels like a giant,
Just from drinkin' that good old mountain dew.

CHORUS

The preacher rode by with his nose in the sky,
His wife had been sick with the flu,
But she threw back her head and jumped out of bed,
After drinkin' that good old mountain dew.

CHORUS

CALIFORNIA HERE I COME

California here I come,
Right back where I started from
Where bowers - of flowers - bloom in the spring
Each morning at dawning - birdies sing and everything
Sun-kissed misses don't be late
That's why I can hardly wait
Open up that Golden Gate
California here I come.

LITTLE BROWN JUG

My wife and I live all alone,
In a little brown hut we call our own,
She loves gin and I love rum,
Tell you what - don't we have fun.

CHORUS

Ha! Ha! Ha! You and me,
Little brown jug, how I love thee.
Ha! Ha! Ha! You and me,
Little brown jug, how I love thee.

If I had a cow that gave such milk,
I'd dress her in the finest silk,
Feed her on the choicest hay,
And milk her twenty times a day.

CHORUS

'Tis you who makes my friends and foes
'Tis you who makes me wear old clothes.
Here you are so near my nose,
So tip her up and down she goes.

CHORUS

If all the folks in Adam's race
Were put together in one place
Then I'd prepare to shed a tear
Before I'd part with you my dear.

CHORUS

EL RANCHO GRANDE

I love to roam out yonder,
Out where the Buff'lo wander,
Free as the eagle flying,
I'm a roping and a-tying,
I'm roping and a-tying.

CHORUS

Give me my ranch and my cattle,
Far from the great city's battle,
Give me a big herd to battle,
For I just love herding cattle.

ROLL ME OVER

This is number one, and I've got her on the run,
Take me down roll me over and do it again,
Roll me over, in the clover,
Roll me over, lay me down, and do it again.

This is number two, and I've got her by the shoe,
This is number three, and I've got her by the knee,
This is number four, and I've got her on the floor,
This is number five, and it's great to be alive,
This is number six, now I'm in a Hell-of-a-fix,
This is number seven, and I feel like I'm in heaven,
This is number eight, as I take you for my mate,
This is number nine, and it's feeling mighty fine,
This is number ten, let's start all over again.

LOOK FOR THE SILVER LINING

Look for the silver lining - when er a cloud appears in the blue
You know that somewhere the sun is shining
And so the right thing to do is make it shine for you.
A heart filled with joy and gladness
Will always banish sorrow and strife
So always look for the silver lining
And try to find the sunny side of life.

STEVE O'DONNELL'S WAKE

Steve O'Donnell was a gentleman
As everybody said
He was loved by everyone both rich and poor
And everyone was sorry
When they heard that Steve was dead
And they saw the crepe upon the cottage door.

CHORUS

And there were fighters, and blighters
And Irish dynamiters
There was beer gin whiskey, wine and cake
There were men in high positions
There were Irish Politicians
And they all got drunk at Steve O'Donnell's wake.

Now, the barber came to shave
The galway slugger from his throat
And cut his hair in a la pompadour
A red necktie and buttonhole
Bouquet were in his coat
And a bunch of Shamrocks in his hand he were.

CHORUS

Now there were twenty candles at his head
And twenty at his feet
Twenty flowers sent for friendship's sake
Oh, Steve my boy, why did ya die
The weeping widow cried
And we all felt sad at Steve O'Donnell's wake.

CHORUS

Oh, Mike McGovern said that
Steve O'Donnell was a bum,
Of course, he only meant it for a joke.
But Patty Mack got up and spoke
And make McGovern run
For he hit him in the eye an awful poke.

CHORUS

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

STEVE O'DONNELL'S WAKE (Continued)

Oh, the cops came in to stop the brawl
And make them understand
And the corpse was picked up by his brother Dan
When someone stole the necktie
From around O'Donnell's throat
Mike McGovern said O'Reilley was the man.

CHORUS

O'Reilley's friends got crazy and
And swore they'd have his life
McGovern thought he made a great mistake
They fought and fought and danced around
Until the cops came in
And arrested all at Steve O'Donnell's wake.

CHORUS

THE ARCTIC JUNGELEERS

We're the Jungeleers
We're the mountaineers
We're the Sourdoughs from Kluane
And we'd rather smooch
With a Yukon Klootch
Than a creole from the Swanee
With a Klondike Hag
In our sleeping bag
The weather's always balmy
We're the jungeleers
We're the Mountaineers
We're the Sourdoughs from Kluane

SWEETBRIAR

I was clutching a klotch at KLUANE
In the depths of the cold Yukon snow,
When I heard the Kee bird a "moanin"
"Kee Kee Keerist it's fifty below!"

Her brassiere was fashioned of minkskin,
With the soft furry surface turned in,
As I fumbled in vain with the lacings,
The Kee bird continued his din.

Her panties were tailored from buckskin,
Snug fitting and close to her hide,
As I loosened her smoked cured undies,
"It's cold but it's fun" the bird cried.

I was clutching a klotch at KLUANE,
We were really a "meltin" the snow,
When the Kee bird called, "I'm a' leavin",
What a man -- and at fifty below!"

THE QUILTING PARTY

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
On the bank the pale moon shone;
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

CHORUS

I was seeing Nellie home,
I was seeing Nellie home,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

On my arm a soft hand rested,
Rested light as ocean foam,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nellie home.

IN THE QUARTERMASTER CORPS

For it's water, water, water
That makes you think you oughter,
In the Corps, In the Corps.
For it's water, water, water
That makes you think you oughter,
In the Quartermaster Corps.

CHORUS

My eyes are dim. I cannot see.
I - have - not brought my specks with me.

For its wine, wine, wine
That makes you feel so fine,
In the Corps, In the Corps.
For it's wine, wine, wine,
That makes you feel so fine,
In the Quartermaster Corps.

CHORUS

For it's beer, beer, beer
That makes you want to cheer,
In the Corps, In the Corps.
For it's beer, beer, beer
That makes you want to cheer,
In the Quartermaster Corps.

CHORUS

For it's gin, gin, gin
That makes you want to sin,
In the Corps, In the Corps.
For it's gin, gin, gin
That makes you want to sin,
In the Quartermaster Corps.

CHORUS

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

IN THE QUARTERMASTER CORPS (Continued)

For it's whiskey, whiskey, whiskey
That makes you feel so frisky,
In the Corps, In the Corps.
For it's whiskey, whiskey, whiskey
That makes you feel so frisky,
In the Quartermaster Corps.

CHORUS

For it's rum, rum, rum
That makes you wanna bum,
In the Corps, In the Corps.
For it's rum, rum, rum
That makes you wanna bum,
In the Quartermaster Corps.

CHORUS

For it's cold roast duck
That makes you want to eat,
In the Corps, In the Corps.
For it's cold roast duck
That makes you want to eat,
In the Quartermaster Corps.

CHORUS

THE LADIES

I've taken my fun where I've found it,
I've rogued and I've ranged in my times,
I've had my pickin's of sweethearts
Four of the lot were prime.

One was a half caste widow,
One was a woman from Rome,
One was the wife of a Jernadai-sais,
The other's a girl from home.

Now I ain't no hand with the ladies
For takin' them all along,
You never can tell till you've tried 'em
an then you are like to be wrong.

Sometimes you think that you mightn't
and sometimes ya think you might,
But the things you will learn from the yellow and brown,
Will help ya a heap with the white.

Now I was a young one at Oogli,
shy as a girl to begin
Aggie De Caster she made me
Aggie was clever as sin.

Older than me was my first one
more like a mother she were,
Showed me the way to promotion and pay
and I learned about women from her.

Then I was ordered to Burma
Acting in charge of Bazaar,
Took me a tidy live heathen
Thru buying supplies off her Pa.

Funny and yellow and faithful,
Doll in a teacup she were,
and we lived on the square like a true married pair,
And I learned about women from her . . .

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

THE LADIES (Continued)

Then I was shifted to Neemurch
Or I might be keepin' her now.
Took me a shiny she-devil
the wife of a merchant at Mow.

Taught me the gypsy folk Bolee
Kinda volcano she were
For she knifed me one night when I wished she were shite,
and I learned about women from her.

Then I came home on a trooper
Long o' a kid o' sixteen
girl from a convent at Mesrut
Strangest I ever have seen.

Love at first sight was her trouble,
She didn't know what it were,
and I wouldn't do such cause I liked her to much,
and I learned about women from her.

I've taken my fun where I've found it
and now I must pay for that fun,
For the more you have known of the others
the less you can settle to one.

The end of it sittin' and thinkin'
and dreaming of hellfires to see,
Some warned by my lot which I know you will not,
and learn about women from me.

Now what did the colonels lady think?
Nobody ever knew,
Somebody asked the sergeants wife
as she told them true.

Where you get to the man in the case
They're as like as a row of pins,
and the colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady
are sisters under the skin . . .

MINDINAO

Oh, the monkey's have no tails in Zamboanga,
Oh, the monkey's have no tails in Zamboanga,
Oh, the monkey's have no tails,
They were bitten off by whales,
Oh, the monkey's have no tails in Zamboanga.

CHORUS

Mindinao, Zamboanga
From the troopship you sure looks swell,
But before I go back to Zambo,
I would rather serve a hitch in Hell.

Oh, the chicken have no feet on Ilo-Ilo,
Oh, the chicken have no feet on Ilo-Ilo,
Oh, the chicken have no feet,
They were burned off by the heat,
Oh, the chicken have no feet on Ilo-Ilo.

CHORUS

Oh, the Caribou have no hair on Mindinao,
Oh, the Caribou have no hair on Mindinao,
Oh, the Caribou have no hair,
And they really look quite bare,
Oh, the Caribou have no hair on Mindinao.

CHORUS

There are babies quite a few at Stetsenberg,
There are babies quite a few at Stetsenberg,
There are babies quite a few,
For there's nothing else to do,
There are babies quite a few at Stetsenberg.

CHORUS

There's a virgin on the island of Sabu,
There's a virgin on the island of Sabu,
There's a virgin so they say,
She was born the other day,
There's a virgin on the island of Sabu.

CHORUS

THE BIG BLACK BULL

1. OH, the big black bull came down
From the mountain,
Houston, Sam Houston
Oh, the big black bull came down
From the mountain
Long time ago,
Long time ago - oh - oh - oh
Long time ago - oh - oh - oh
Oh, the big black bull came down
From the mountain
Long time ago
2. Oh, he spied a heifer in the pasture
Houston, Sam Houston
Oh, he spied a heifer in the pasture
Long time ago - - - etc.
3. Oh, he yumped that fence and
He yumped that heifer,
Houston - - -
(Repeat first two lines)
Long etc.
4. Oh, he missed the mark and
He phfft in the pasture
Houston - - -
(Repeat)
Long etc.
5. Oh, the big black bull went back
To the mountain
Houston - - -
(Repeat)
Long etc.

RED LEG CANNONEERS

Fall in, fall in at attention
You red-leg cannoneers
With your gun and your pack
And your box of tack
Non-Coms and mountaineers

Baptized in Mindinao, beside the Sulu Sea
With a Tow and a Row and a Tow-Row-Row
In a mountain Battery

I'd rather be a soldier with mule
And mountain gun
Than a knight of Old, a warrior bold
A Roman, Greek, or a Hun
Whenever trouble's brewing,
They always send for me
With a tow and a row and a tow-row-row
In a mountain battery

So to pack and apparail
To cradle, gun and trail
And to that damn fool, the battery mule
Who is never known to fail
So lift your glasses, High, High, High
and drink a toast with me
With a tow, and a row, and a tow-row-row
In a mountain battery.

FOR HE'S A JOLLY GOOD FELLOW

For he's a jolly good fellow,
for he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny.
Which nobody can deny,
Which nobody can deny,
For he's a jolly good fellow.
Which nobody can deny.

POOR GEORGE IS DAID

Poor George is daid, Poor George is daid,
Lying there so peaceful and serene, and serene,
His body's lying down;
We would like to keep him round,
But it's summer and we're running out of ice,
(loud) Out of ice.

I DON'T WANT TO BE A SOLDIER

I don't want to be a soldier,
I don't want to go to war,
I'd rather hang around Piccadilly underground
Livin' off the earnings of a high class Lady.

Don't want a bullet up me arse hole,
Don't want me buttocks shot away,
Oh! I'd rather be in England, Jolly, Jolly England
And fornicate me friggin' life away.

Call out the Royal Territorials,
Call out Her Majesty's Brigade,
You can call out your mother, your sister
Or your brother; But for Christ's sake
DON'T CALL ME.

THE MOUSE

Oh, the liquor was spilled on the Bar Room Floor
And the bar was closed for the night.

When out of his hole came a little brown mouse
And into the pale moon light.

Well, he licked up the Whiskey off the bar room floor
As on his haunches he sat.

And all night long you could hear him Roar!
Bring on the Old Tom Kat.

SHE'LL BE COMIN' 'ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes,
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes,
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain,
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain,
She'll be comin' 'round the mountain when she comes.

She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes,
She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes,
She'll be drivin' six white horses,
She'll be drivin' six white horses,
She'll be drivin' six white horses when she comes.

Oh, we'll all go to meet her when she comes,
Oh, we'll all go to meet her when she comes,
Oh, we'll all go to meet her,
Oh, we'll all go to meet her.
Oh, we'll all go to meet her when she comes.

Oh, we'll kill the old red roster when she comes,
Oh, we'll kill the old red roster when she comes,
Oh, we'll kill the old red roster,
Oh, we'll kill the old red roster,
Oh, we'll kill the old red roster when she comes.

THE OLD GRAY MARE, SHE AIN'T WHAT SHE USED TO BE

The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be,
Ain't what she used to be, ain't what she used to be;
The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be
Many long years ago.
Many long years ago, Many long years ago,
The old gray mare, she ain't what she used to be
Many long years ago.

DRUNK LAST NIGHT

Drunk last night; drunk the night before.
Going to get drunk tonight
Like I never got drunk before.
"Cause when we're drunk,
We're happy as can be,
For we are members of the Souse family.
Now the Souse family is the best family.
That ever came over from old Germany.
There's the Potsdam Dutch
And the Rotterdam Dutch
The Amsterdam Dutch and the other Damn Dutch
Sing, glorious, glorious
One keg of beer for the four of us
Glory be to God that there be no more of us
For one of us could drink it all alone.
(Damn near)

CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton and the corn and 'tatoes grow,
There's where the birds warble sweet in the springtime,
There's where the old darkey's heart am longed to go.
There's where I labored so hard for old Massa,
Day after day in the field of yellow corn,
No place on earth do I love more sincerely,
Than old Virginny, the State where I was born.

EIN PROSIT

Ein Prosit, Ein Prosit
Der Gemutlichkeit
Ein Prosit, Ein Prosit
Der Gemutlichkeit

THE WIDE MISSOURI

For seven long years I courted Nancy --
Hi -- ! Oh -- ! The rolling river!
For seven long years I courted Nancy --
Ha! Ha -- !
I'm bound away for the wide Missouri.

And so she took my fifteen dollars --
Hi -- ! Oh -- ! The rolling river!
And so she took my fifteen dollars --
Ha! Ha -- !
I'm bound away for the wide Missouri.

She would not have me for her lover --
Hi -- ! Oh -- ! The rolling river!
She would not have me for her lover --
Ha! Ha -- !
I'm bound away for the wide Missouri.

And then she went to Kansas City --
Hi -- ! Oh -- ! The rolling river!
And then she went to Kansas City --
Ha! Ha -- !
I'm bound away for the wide Missouri.

And there she met a Cavalry soldier --
Hi -- ! Oh -- ! The rolling river!
And there she met a Cavalry soldier --
Ha! Ha -- !
I'm bound away for the wide Missouri.

A drinkin rum and chawin tabaccer --
Hi -- ! Oh -- ! The rolling river!
A drinkin rum and chawin tabaccer --
Ha! Ha -- !
I'm bound away for the wide Missouri.

I WENT TO YOUR WEDDING

I went to your wedding
Altho' I was dreading
The thought of losing you.
The organ was playing,
My poor heart kept saying:
"Your dreams, your dreams are thru."
You came down the aisle
Wearing a smile,
A vision of loveliness;
I uttered a sigh,
Then whispered goodbye,
Goodbye to my happiness
Your mother was cryin',
Your father was cryin',
And I was cryin' too,
The teardrops were falling
Because we were losing you.

ARMY AVIATOR SONG

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun.
Here they come, zooming to meet our thunder,
At em boys, give her the gun, give 'er the gun.
Down we dive, shooting our flame from under,
Off with one helluva roar.
We'll live in fame, or go down in flame;
For nothing can stop the Army Air Corps.

Here's a Toast to the host of -
Those who love the vastness of the sky;
To a friend we send a message of his brother men who fly.
We drink to those who gave their all of old,
Them down we roar to score the rainbow's pot of gold.
A toast to the host of -
Men we boast the Army Air Corps.

I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU, HONEY

I'm in love with you, honey
Say you love me too, honey.
No one else will do, honey
Seems funny, but it's true.
Loved you from the start, honey
Bless your little heart, honey
Every day would be so sunny, honey,
Honey, with you.

THE YELLOW ROSE OF SAIGON

She's the Yellow Rose of Saigon
And I think she banned the twist
But she's a real cute, little dolly
She's one I think I've missed
You can talk about the President
And about his brother Nhu
But don't talk about my Yellow Rose
If you know what's good for you.

She's angry at the Buddhists
And she hates the New York Times
Because they always rib her
And accuse her of awful crimes
What's a little joke about cook-outs
Or imported gasoline
Why, that's mostly exaggeration
She's really not that mean.

Yes my little Rose of Saigon
Is just a poor little refugee
Why she fled from Ho and Hanoi
To make joke for you and me
She's snowed General Maxwell Taylor
And Ambassador Nolting too
Got bright green light from JFK
And three billion dollars too.

So my Yellow Rose of Saigon
Stays off of Tu Do street
She doesn't go much for loving
But at intrigue can't be beat
I look for many changes
When she meets with Mr. Lodge
Cause its said that he's a sucker
For eastern camouflage.

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

Yes my Little Rose of Saigon
Is a veteran through and through
She's careful with her money
In case there is a Coup
She's got to salvage something
From this political enterprise
Before the VC loose their fight
And America gets wise.

Now my Yellow Rose of Saigon
Has left for the USA
To be a UN observer
In the good old fashion way
You can talk about the President
And about her husband Nhu
But don't talk about my Yellow Rose
If you know what's good for you.

TANKER'S JUBILEE

CHORUS

Oh! I am just a tanker!
Now that is plain to me.
My yellow scarf is waving
It shines for all to see!

1st VERSE

Oh! The Air Force say that they're the best
And they win the war!
But you and I as tankers
Know that just Air Force lore!
For when they have an objective
That they must sieze and hold
They call upon those whom we find
In the Tanker's fold

2d VERSE

Oh! It's great to help the doughfoot
And leave them in the dust
We'll keep our tanks arunning!
For us it is a must
My heart sure swells to see
Our tanks a - charging in the fray
The enemy's retreating
Our banners lead the way!

3d VERSE

They speak of the Queen of Battle
And of St Barbara's Own
And we will find a place for them
In the Soldier's Home

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

TANKER'S JUBILEE CONT'D

But if you want to win the war
And live to a ripe old age
You'll have to get those tankers
Acharging in the foray!

THE LONGEST YEAR

There are boys of Special Forces
There are lads from USOM too
And the guys who fly the choppers -
And of course there's me and you.

REFRAIN

The longest year, the longest year
You know damn well was spent right here,
The longest year, the longest time
That I have ever spent!

It's gone on a whole lot longer
Than we thought in '62.
We'd be home a whole lot sooner
If it weren't for Madame Nhu.

REFRAIN

We were working in liaison,
Told them everything we do,
And they put it in the papers
Said that we had planned a coup.

REFRAIN

If they weren't out burning Buddhists
Or scaling pagoda walls
They were finding ways to screw us
'Cause they had us by the neck.

REFRAIN

If you ever come to Saigon,
Follow my instructions, kid -
Buy a ticket on to Bangkok,
You'll be very glad you did!

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

REFRAIN

The longest year, the longest year
Was spent in Viet Nam right here
The longest year, the longest time
That I have ever spent!

GHOST ADVISORS BY AND BY

Some Yanks went out advising
Down in Southern Vietnam.
But the people they advised
Didn't give a good Goddamn!
The President and his family
Were seating out a coup,
And they blamed the whole "schamozzle"
On the likes of me and you!

CHORUS

Yipee aye yea! Yipee aye yea!
Ghost advisors by and by
Some Buddhists did a "slow burn",
Up in Hue and in Saigon,
And you couldn't "watch the birdies"
Without dodging plastic bombs.
The students, they got angry
The government closed the schools
And the "Times of Vietnam"
Called U. S. a bunch of fools!

CHORUS

These advisors were notorious
For countering insurgency.
They collected "Lessons Learned"
For the Chief of "QUO VAN MY".
They gathered tons of data,
From the field in Vietnam
(But down in Venezuela,
It won't be worth a damn!).

CHORUS

They worked for COMUSMACV
And for the Chief of MAAG,
Who told Bob McNamara
That the war was "in the bag"
That the Viet Cong were beaten
In this brave "Diem-ocracy"
(They didn't tell the insurgents:
The omnipotent VCs!).

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

Yes, in the steaming jungles
And the plains of mud and rice,
Infested with mosquitoes,
Viet Cong and body lice,
There went the good advisors
And some "Greenie Beanies too,
To save the little country
For the likes of Madame Nhu!

CHORUS

They advised the Civil Guard
And the valiant SDC
They advised the Vietnamese
In the land, air and sea
And when the fights were over
When the "body-count" was in
Our side lost a hundred
And the VCs only ten!

CHORUS

They built Strategic Hamlets
And they dispensed USOM aid.
They convinced the Montagnards
That they really had it made!
They defoliated jungles,
And herbicided rice,
As long as Mr. Ambassador
Could afford the going price!

CHORUS

Then they headed for the airfield,
Out at good old TAN SON NHUT,
With boarding passes in their hands
and CIBs to boot!
"Little soldiers of misfortune"
And, "Tools of the CIA"
They waited for jet planes
To touch them broad runway!

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

CHORUS

Now buddy, listen to them
And hear what they've got to say
They're gonna board that aircraft
So don't get in their way
They'll "ZAP, you with their cross-bows
And their home-made rifles too
Cause there ain't seats enough on the aircraft
For the likes of me and you.

FINAL CHORUS

Yipee-aye-yeah! Yipee-aye-yeah
Ghost advisors by and by!

THE BALLAD OF CORDS

(Designed to be sung to the tune of "Puff, the Magic Dragon", or "The Wabash Cannon ball" -- if the latter, "The Ballad of the Co Van My" should precede "The Ballad of CORDS"

You've heard about our warriors, in uniforms of green
There's damned near half a million of our troops who've
made the scene

There's the Big Red One and the First Air Cav, and all
those other hordes.
But you've seldom heard a single word about the crea-
ture known as CORDS

Now CORDS, the world's nith wonder wonder, was born in merry
May
With a mighty roar of thunder on a sultry Saigon day

And CORDS was nursed on nuoc mam and teathed on TNT
Cause this poor bastard's parents were called OCO and
MACV

Komer and Westmoreland loved that rascal CORDS
and knew they had to teach him to weld plowshares onto
swords

Now both CORDS' noble parents had fought for minds and
hearts
But CORDS set out to fight the war with view graph slides
and charts

Yes OCO had its RD teams and MACV the brigade
But CORDS rushed into battle with its briefers on parade

Uncle McNamara comes out from time to time
To inspect the growing baby in the torrid tropic clime

He listens to the briefings and reviews the cadre groups
And if RD is lagging he just sends more combat troops

The troops provide security so CORDS can pacify
And require Saigon's bureaucracy to expand and multiply

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

We once had several agencies to seek our common goals
They had a common mission although each had different roles

Then we unified the agencies, for RD was moving slow
and civilians in the field marched forth neathe the flag
of OCO

But OCO died in labor when CORDS was born in May
And CORDS is blessed with the MACV crest until the dying
day.

ERIE CANAL

We were forty miles from Albany
Forget I never shall
What a terrible storm we had that night
On the E-ri-ee canal.

CHORUS

Oh, the E-ri-ee was rising
And the gin was getting low
And I scarcely think we'll get a drink
Till we get to Buffalo, Till we get to B.

The captain he went up on deck
A spy glass in his hand
The fog it was so goll-darned thick
That he couldn't spy the land.

CHORUS

The cook she was a grand ol' gal
She wore a ragged dress
We histed her upon a pole
As a signal of distress.

CHORUS

The captain he got married
The cook she went to jail
And I'm the only son's-a-gun
That's left to tell the tale.

CHORUS

DEAR HEARTS AND GENTLE PEOPLE

There's a place I'd like to be and it's back in Tennessee
Where your friendly neighbors smile and say hello
It's a pleasure and a treat to meander down the street
That's why I want the whole wide world to know:

I love those dear hearts and gentle people
Who live in my home town
Because those dear hearts and gentle people
Will never ever let you down.
They read the good book from Friday til Monday
That's how the weekend goes.
I've got a dream house I'll build there one day
With picket fence and rambling rose.
I feel so welcome each time that I return
That my happy heart keeps laughin like a clown.
I love the dear hearts and gentle people
Who live and love in my home town.

WE ARE WINNING

We are winning, this we know
General Harkins tells us so.
Though in the Delta things are tough
And in the highlands very rough,
But the VC soon will go,
Mr. Cabot tells us so.
If you doubt them, who are you
McNamara says so too.

THE PRISONER'S SONG

Oh, I wish I had someone to love me
Someone to call me their own
Oh, I wish I had someone to live with
'Cause I'm tired of living alone.

So please meet me tonight in the moonlight
Oh, please meet me tonight all alone
For I have a sad story to tell you
It's a story that's never been known.

I'll be carried to that new jail tomorrow
Leaving my poor darling alone
With the cold prison bars all around me
And my head on a pillow of stone.

Oh, if I had the wings of an angel
Over these prison walls I would fly
I'd fly to the arms of my poor darling
And there I'd be willing to die.

COOL WATER

All day I've faced the barren waste
Without the taste of water, cool water
Old Dan and I our throats are dry
It's those that cry for water, cool water
And soul

CHORUS

Keep a moving Dan, don't you listen to him Dan
He's a devil not a man
And he's spread the burning sand with water, cool water
Dan can you see that big green tree
Where the water's flowing free
It's waiting there for me and you

The nights are cool and I'm a fool
Each star's a pool of water, cool water
But with the dawn I'll wake and yawn
And carry on to water, cool water

CHORUS

The shadows sway and seem to say
Tonight we pray for water, cool water
And way up there he'll hear our prayer
And show us where there's water, cool water

CHORUS

WABASH CANNON-BALL

She came down to Birmingham
One cold December day
As she pulled into the station
You could hear all the people say
There's a gal from Tennessee
She's long and she's tall
She came down to Birmingham
On the Wabash Cannon-Ball.

CHORUS

Listen to the jingle, the rumble and the roar
As she glides along the woodland
Through the hills and by the shore
Hear the mighty rush of the engine
Hear the bell and whistle call
While riding through the jungle
On the Wabash Cannon-Ball

Our eastern states are dandy
So the people always say
From New York to St. Louis
And Chicago by the way
From the hills of Minnesota
Where the rippling waters fall
No chances can be taken
On the Wabash Cannon-Ball

Here's to Danny Claxton
May his name forever stand
And always be remembered
In the courts throughout the land
His earthly days are over
As the curtains 'round him fall
We'll carry him home to Dixie
On the Wabash Cannon-Ball

WABASH CANNON-BALL (Continued)

From the great Atlantic ocean, to the wild Pacific shore
From the coast of Maryland, to the ice-bound Labrador
There's a train of splendor, quite well-known by all
With modern accomodations on the Wabash Cannon-Ball.

QUILTING PARTY

In the sky a bright star glittered
On the bank a pale moon shone
And twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nelly home.

CHORUS

I was seeing Nelly home; I was seeing Nelly home.
And twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nelly home.

On my arm a soft hand rested
Rested light as ocean foam
And twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party
I was seeing Nelly home.

CHORUS

JUNIOR BIRDMEN

Into the air, Junior Birdmen
Into the air, upside down
Into the air, Junior Birdmen
Keep your nose up in the brown
And when you hear the Postrian whistle
And you get your wings of tin
You will know the Junior Birdmen
Have sent their box-tops in.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corrtop's ripe and the meadow's in bloom
While the birds make music all the day;
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor
All merry, all happy, all bright
By'n by "Hard Times" comes a-knocking at the door
Them my old Kentucky home, good night

CHORUS

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh weep no more today,
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home
For the old Kentucky home far away.

They hunt no more for the possum and the coon,
On the meadows, the hill, and the shore
They sing no more by the flimmer of the moon
On the bench by the old cabin door,
The days go by like a shadow o'er the heart
With sorrow where all was delight
The time has come when the darkies have to part
Then my old Kentucky home, good night.

CHORUS

BOTANY BAY

Oh! there's Glas-gow and Berwick, and Penterville,
There's Ports-mouth and old Dart-moor
But they ain't of interest to none of us
For we're bound for a far for-eign shore.

CHORUS

Singing Too-roo-lie oo-roo-lie
OO-roo-lay (Also)*
Too-roo-lie oo-roo-lie-ay (Likewise)*
Too-roo-lie oo-roo-lie oo-roo-lay
(Not forgetting)*
Too-roo-lie ooo-roo-lie-ay
(*words to be spoken).

It's not leaving old England we care about
Nor sailing for shores far away
It's the blooming monotony wears us out,
And the prospect of Botany Bay.

CHORUS

Oh, the Captain and all the ship's officers
The Bos'n'n and all the crew,
The first and the second-class passengers,
Knows what us poor convicts go through.

CHORUS

Oh, come all ye dukes and ye duchesses,
And harken and list to my lay
Be sure that we owns all ye touchesses,
Or they'll land you in Botany Bay.

CHORUS

Oh, had I the wings of a turtle dove,
Away on my pinions I'd fly,
Straight to the arms of my lady love,
And there I would langush and die.

WRECK OF THE OL' 97

They gave him his orders
At Monroe Virginia
Saying, Steve you're way behind time
It's not 86
But it's ol' 97
Gotta bring her into Spencer on time.

So he turned around
To his black-faced fireman
Saying, shovel in a little more coal
And before we reach
That wide open prairie
You can watch ol' 97 roll.

Now, it's a mighty rough road
From Lynchburg to Danville
And part the way a three mile grade
It was on that grade
That he lost his average
You can see what a mess he made.

He was going down the grade
Making 90 miles an hour
When the whistle broke into a scream
They found him in the wreck
With his hand on the throttle
And scalded to death by the steam.

Now all you ladies
Take this warning
From this day on you will learn
Never say harsh words
To your kind loving husband
He may leave you and never return.

SAMUEL HALL

Oh, my name is Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall,
Oh, my name is Samuel Hall, and I hate you
One and all.
You're a bunch of muchers all, Damn your eyes.

Oh, I killed a man, 'tis said, so 'tis said,
So 'tis said,
Oh, I killed a man, 'tis said, for I filled him
Full of lead.
And I left him there for dead, Damn his eyes.

Similarly:

Oh, they took me to the quod, and they left me there,
By God.
With a ball and chain and rod, Damn their eyes.

Oh, the chaplain he did come, and looked
So God Damn glum.
As he spoke of Kingdom Come, Damn his eyes.

Oh, the provost he came too, with his boys
All dressed in blue.
They're a bunch of muckers too, Damn their eyes.
Oh, it's up a rope I'll go, with my friends
All there below.
Saying, "Sam, I told you so." Damn their eyes.

I'll see Nellie in the crowd, and I'll say
To her aloud,
"Don't ya look so God Damn proud," Damn her eyes.

So, let this be my knell, and I'll see ya all
In Hell,
And I hope you sizzle well, Damn your eyes.

I'VE GOT NO USE FOR THE WOMEN (Continued)

"Oh, bury me out on the prairie
Where the coyotes may howl o'er my grave;
Bury me out on the prairie
And some of my bones please save,
Wrap me up in my blankets
And bury me deep 'neath the ground;
Oh, cover me over with boulders
Of granite, huge and round."

So they buried him out on the prairie
And the coyotes still howl o'er his grave;
But now his soul is a-resting
From the unkind cut she gave.
And many a similar puncher
As he rides past that pile of stones,
Recalls some similar woman,
And envies his mouldering bones.

STORMY WEATHER

Don't know why there's no sun up in the sky,
Stormy weather, since my gal and I ain't together,
Keeps rainin' all the time.
Life is bare, gloom and mis'ry everywhere,
Stormy weather, just can't get my poor self together,
I'm weary all the time, so weary all the time.
When she went away the blue walked in and met me,
If she stays away old rockin' chair will get me.
All I do is pray the Lord above will let me walk in the
sun once more.
Can't go on, ev'rything I had is gone
Stormy weather, since my gal and I ain't together, Keeps
Keeps rainin' all the time.

I'VE GOT NO USE FOR THE WOMEN

Oh, I ain't got no use for the women,
A true one may never be found.
They use a man for his money,
When it's gone they turn him down.
They're all alike at the bottom
Selfish and grasping for all,
They'll stick by a man when he's winning
And laugh in his face at his fall.

My pal was a straight young puncher,
Honest and upright and square,
But he turned to a gun-man and gambler
And a woman sent him there,
He fell in with evil companions,

The kind that are better off dead;
When a vaquero insulted her picture
He filled him full of lead.

All night long they trailed him
Through mesquite and chararal,
And I couldn't but think of the woman
As I saw him pitch and fall.
If she'd been the pal that she should of
He might have been raising a son,
Instead of out there on the prairie
To fall by a ranger's gun.

Death's slow sting did not trouble,
His chances for life were to slim,
But where they were putting his body,
Was all that worried him.
He lifted his hand on his elbow
The blood from his wound flowed red;
He looked at his pale grouped about him,
And whispered to them and said;

O'REILLY'S GONE TO HELL

O'Reilly was a soldier, the pride of Battery B.
In all the blooming outfit no better man than he,
The ranking duty non-com, he knew his business well,
But since he's tumbled down the pole
O'Reilly's gone to hell.

CHORUS

O'Reilly's gone to hell, since down the pole he fell,
He drank up all the bug-juice, the boot-leggers would sell,
They ran him in the mill; they've got him in there still.
His bob-tail's coming back by mail,
O'Reilly's gone to hell.

O'Reilly hit the bottle after six years up the pole,
He blew himself at Cassey's place, and then went in the hole.
He drank with all the rookies, and shoved his face as well,
The battery is on the bum
O'Reilly's gone to hell.

CHORUS

O'Reilly swiped a blanket, and shoved it up I hear,
He shoved it for a dollar, and invested that in beer.
He licked a coffee-cooler because he said he'd tell,
He's gone ten day A. W. O. L.
O'Reilly's gone to hell.

CHORUS

They'll try him by court-martial, he'll never get a chance,
To tell them how his mother died, or some such song and dance.
He'll soon be down in Company Q, asleepin' in a cell.
A big red P. Stamped on his back,
O'Reilly's gone to hell.

WEST VIRGINNY

There's a gal from West Virginny, and her name is Nancy Brown;
She went into the mountains, but she soon came rolling down;
She came rolling down the mountain, she came rolling down the mountain,
She came rolling down the mountain, by the dam.
Now she didn't give the deacon a thing that he was seeking,
She remained as pure as a West Virginny ham.

Along came a Western cowboy, a cowboy with his songs;
He took Nans into the mountains, but she still knew right from wrong
She came rolling down the mountain, she came rolling down the mountain;
She came rolling down the mountain, mighty high.
In spite of all his urg'in, she remained the local virgin.
She remained as pure as the West Virginny Sky.

Along came a city slicker, with his thousand dollar bills,
Took Nans in his Packard, way up in them thar hills,
Now she stayed up in the mountains, she stayed up in the Mountains
She stayed up in the mountains, over night.
She came down bright and early, more woman than she was girly,
And her pappy chased the hussy out of sight.

Now she's living in the city, she's living in the city
She's living in the city mighty swell
Now she's dining and she's dining, on her fanny she's reclinin'
And the West Virginny hills can go to hell.

Along came the depression, kicked the slicker in the pants
Lost his Packard and apartment, how he's even lost his Nans.
For she went back to the mountains, she went back to the mountains
She went back to the mountains, as of yore.
Now the cowboy and the deacon, get the things that they've been seeking
For she's just like any West Virginny wh--girl

THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER

When a young British soldier goes out to the east
He acts like a babe and drinks like a beast
And wonders by frequent he is often diseased
Ere he's fit to serve as a soldier

Repeat

Repeat

Soldier of the queen

Now all you young laddies what's drafted today
Just close up your rag box and bark to my lay
I'll sing you a song a song if I may
A song that's fit for a soldier
Fit fit fit for a soldier

Repeat

Repeat

Soldier of the queen

Now mind you steer clear of the grog, sellers huts
They'll sell you fixed bayonets that'll rot out your guts
Aye drink that'd take the cold steel off your butts
And it's bad for the young British soldier
Bad Bad Bad for a soldier

Repeat

Repeat

Soldier of the queen

When a comrade you find with your wife be loath
The shoot when you ketch'em, you'll hang by my oath
Make him take her and keep her it's hell for them both
And your shut of the curse of a soldier
Curse curse curse of a soldier

Repeat

Repeat

Repeat

Soldier of the queen

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER (Continued)

Now if you must marry take care she is old
A troop sergeants widow is best so I'm told
For love aren't no good when your rations are cold
And love aren't enough for a soldier

Nough Nough Nough for a soldier

Repeat

Repeat

Repeat

Soldier of the queen

When all of your bullets go wide in the ditch
Don't call your martini a crosseyed old bitch
She's human as you are so treat her as such
And she'll fight for the young british soldiers
Fight fight fight for a soldier

Repeat

Repeat

Soldier of the queen

And when you be wounded on Afghanistans plains
And women come out to cut up the remains
Just roll on your rifle and blow out your brains
And go to your God like a soldier

Go go go like a soldier

Repeat

Repeat

Repeat

Soldier of the queen

GYRO, GYRO

CHORUS

Say Gyro, Gyro
Whatever will go, will go
The scope is not ours to know
Say Gyro, Gyro

I asked my top kick the other day
Should I stay here, should I go there
Here's what he said to me!
Say Gyro, Gyro
For whether you come or go
No promotion will I bestow
Say Gyro, Gyro

I asked my shatzi the other day
Will you be true will you be blue
Here's what she said to me!
Say Gyro, Gyro
I will be so true to you
Say Gyro, Gyro
But if you go 'way, I'll stray
Say Gyro, Gyro

I asked my C. O. the other day
Should I retire, should I re-up
Here's what he said to me
Say Gyro, Gyro
For whether you come or go
Promotions will be real slow!
Say Gyro, Gyro

I asked my own wife the other day
Shall we go there, shall we stay here
Here's what she said to me
Say Gyro, Gyro
I have some news for you
Out family's growth is thru
Say Gyro, Gyro

DON'T LET THE STARS GET IN YOUR EYES

Don't let the stars get in your eyes
Don't let the moon break your heart
Love blooms at night, in day-lite it dies
Don't let the stars get in your eyes
Oh keep your heart for me for someday I'll return
And you know you're the only one I'll ever love
Too many nights, too many stars
Too many moons change your mind
If I'm gone too long don't forget where you belong
When the stars come out, remember you are mine
Don't let the stars get in your eyes
Don't let the moon break your heart
Love blooms at night, in day-lite it dies
Don't let the stars get in your eyes
Oh keep your heart for me
For someday I'll return and you know
You're the only one I'll ever love
Too many miles, too many days
Too many nights to be alone
Oh please keep your heart while we're apart
Don't linger in the moonlight while I'm gone
Don't let the stars get in your eyes
Don't let the moon break your heart
Love blooms at night, in day-lite it dies
Don't let the stars get in your eyes
Oh keep your heart for me
For someday I'll return and you know
You're the only one I'll ever love.

THE STREETS OF SAIGON

As I walked down the Streets of Saigon
As I walked down Le Loi one day
I spied an ex-president all dressed in white linen
All wrapped in white linen and cold as the clay.

"I can see by your uniform that you're an advisor".
These words he said as I slowly walked by.
"Come sit down beside me and bear my sad story,
"I'm shot in the head and I'm sure to die. "

"It was once I ruled widely, once I ruled strongly"
"And loved my sister or so they did say"
"But I kept my brother and so ruled wrongly"
"For those Buddhists gone burning I know I must pay. "

"Have sixteen dancers to carry my coffin
"Have the girls down at the Tu Do sing a love song
"Take me down Xa Loi, there lay the sod over me
"Now that USIS has scorned me
"I know I've done wrong. "

"Oh blow the piper slowly and beat the drums loudly
"Play a slow twist as you carry my pail
"Put Dalat roses all over my coffin
"To soften the tears of the press as they fail. "

ALREEVADERCHER SAIGON

Alreevadercher, Saigon
We hope you win your war
I'm looking for a job in Bangkok,
I'm looking for a job in Hong Kong
I'm looking for a sinecure in Singapore.

The Viet Cong steal our weapons
The Viet Cong hold them tight
Now they're raiding our strategic hamlets
Now they're raiding our strategic hamlets
Wonder where the Bao An and the Dan Ve are tonight

The Bao An steal our chickens
The Dan Ve steal our rice
And the Hamlet Chief is selling bulgar
With the GVN acting so vulgar
Is it any wonder that the V.C. seem so nice.

Where are the Special Forces
They're not on our frontier
They are beating up the nuns and bonzes
They are beating up the nuns and bonzes
That's the reason for the shooting that you can hear!

They send us lots of Colonels
With chickens on their necks
They are working in coordination
They are working in coordination
They are making plans to win the war on top the Rex.

ALREEVADERCHER, Saigon
We hope you win your war
I'm looking for a job in Bangkok,
I'm looking for a job in Hong Kong
I'm looking for a sinecure in Singapore.

THE TROLLEY SONG

With my high starched collar,
And my high top shoes,
And my hair piled high upon my head,
I went to lose a jolly
Hour on the trolley
And lost my heart instead
With his light brown derby
And his bright green tie
He was quite the handsomest of men
I started to yet, so I counted to ten,
Then I counted to ten again.

"Clang, clang, clang," went the trolley,
"Ding, ding, ding," went the bell
"Zing, zing, zing," went my heartstrings,
From the moment I saw him I fell
"Chug, chug, chug," went the brake,
"Thump, thump, thump," went my heartstrings,
When he smiled I could feel the car shake
He tipped his hat and took a seat
He said he hoped he hadn't stepped upon my feet,
He asked my name, I held my breath,
I couldn't speak, 'cos he scared me half to death.

"Buzz, buzz, buzz," went the buzzor,
"Plop, plop, plop," went the wheels,
"Stop, stop, stop," went my heartstrings,
As he started to go then I started to know
How it feels when the Universe reels,
"Buzz, buzz, buzz," went the wheels,
"Stop, stop, stop," went my heartstrings,
As he started to leave I took hold of his sleeve
With my hand, and as if it were planned
He stayed on with me, and it was grand
Just to stand with his hand holding mine
To the end of the line.

PUT YOUR LITTLE FOOT RIGHT OUT

Put your little foot, put your little foot,
Put your little foot right out
Put your little foot, put your little foot,
Put your little foot right out,
Put your arm around, put your arm around
Put your arm around my waist:
Keep your arm around, keep your arm around
Keep your arm around my waist.
Take a step to the side, take a step to the rear;
Take a step to the side, but forever stay near;
As we dance through the night and the morning draws
near
By the dawns early light all our cares disappear.
Do a little whirl, do a little whirl,
Do a little whirl, about
Do a little twirl, do a little twirl,
Do a little twirl, about.
Walk a little bit, talk a little bit
Put your little foot right out.
Sing a little bit, swing a little bit
Put your little foot right out.

STRATEGIC HAMLET SONG

Give me wire, lots of wire, under starry skies above,
please fence me in.
Wrap it round, wrap it round, wrap it all the way around,
please fence me in!
I've got the house and the fields, and the pump protected,
felt secure till the CG defected!
Give me more aid and I'll feel protected,
please fence me in!
Give me lemonade, bandaid, USOM aid, everything U.S. made.
I asked for fertilizer, pig pens, bulgar wheat, and
haven't got it yet.
So I'll bark at the moon until they burn my fences.
Stay in my hamlet till I lose my senses.
Bury my shotgun cause I've got no defences,
please fence me in!

THE MARTINS AND THE COYS

Gather round me, children, and I'll tell you a story
Of the mountain in the days when guns was law.
When two families got disputin'
It was bound to end in shootin'
So just listen close and I'll tell you what I saw.

Oh, the Martins and the Coys
They were reckless mountain boys,
And they took up family feudin' when they'd meet.
Why they'd shoot each other quicker
Than it took your eye to flicker,
They could knock a squir's eye out at ninety feet.

All their fightin' started one bright Sunday mornin'
When old grandpaw Coy was full of mountain dew
Just as quiet as a Churchmouse
He stole in the Martin's henhouse
"Cause the Coys they needed eggs for breakfast too.

Oh, the Martins and the Coys
They were reckless mountain boys
But old Grandpaw Coy has gone where angels live.
When they found him on the mountain
He was bleeding like a fountain.
"Cause they'd punctured him till he looked like a sieve.

So the Coys started right out to avenge him
And they didn't even take time out to morn,
They went out to do some killin'
Where the Martins was distillin'
And they found old Abel Martin makin' "corn".

Oh, the Martins and the Coys
They were reckless mountain boys,
But old Abel Martin was the next to go,
Tho' he saw the Coys a-comin'
He had hardly started runnin'
"Fore a volley shook the hills and laid him low.

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

THE MARTINS AND THE COYS (Continued)

After they started out to fight in earnest,
And they scarred the mountains up with shot and shell,
There was uncles, brothers, cousins,
They say they bumped 'em off by dozens
Just how many bit the dust it's hard to tell.

Oh, the Martins and the Coys
They were reckless mountain boys,
At the art of killing they become quite deft,
They all knowed they shouldn't do it
But before they hardly knew it
On each side they only had one person left.

Now the sole remaining Martin was a maiden,
And as purty as a picture was this Grace,
While the one survivin' boy
Was the handsome Henry Coy
And the folks all knew they'd soon meet face to face.

Oh, the Martins and the Coys
They were reckless mountain boys
But their shootin' and their killin' sure played hob
And it didn't bring no joy
To know that Grace and Henry Coy
Both had sworn that they would finish up the job.

So they finally met upon a mountain pathways
and Henry Coy he aimed his gun at Grace
He was set to pull the trigger
When he saw her purty figger
You could see that love had kicked him in the face.

Oh, the Martins and the Coys
They were reckless mountain boys
But they say their ghostly cussin' gives you chills
"Cause the hatchet sure was buried
When Sweet Grace and Henry married
It broke up the best durn feud in these here hills.

(CONT'D ON NEXT PAGE)

THE MARTINS AND THE COYS (Continued)

You may think this is where the story ended,
But I'm tellin' you them ghosts don't cuss no more
'Cause since Grace and Henry wedded
They fight worse then all the rest did,
And they carry on the feud just like before.

BUTTONS AND BOWS

East is east, and west is west
And the wrong one I have chose
Let's go where you'll keep on wearing those
Frills and flowers and buttons and bows
Rings and things and buttons and bows
Don't hurry me in this prairie
Take me where the cement grows
Let's move down to some big town where they
Love a gal by the cut o' her clothes
and You'll stand out in buttons and bows.
I'll love you in buckskin
Or skirts that you've homespun
But I'll love you longer, stronger
Where your friends don't tote a gun
My bones denounce the buckboard bounce
And the cactus hurts my toes.
Let's vamoose where gals keep usin'
Those Silks and satins and linen that shows,
And I'm all your's in buttons and bows.

XVIII AIRBORNE CORPS MARCH

Oh, there's a job to be done,
So we're on the wing,
Riding high through the clear blue sky.
Now we're all 'neath the chutes,
With an easy swing,
As we land to the battle cry.

Then its 'Tremble ye foes'
When you jump from the door,
Though your numbers be many more.

We're demons from the sky,
Come to win or die,
We're the men of the Airborne Corps.

We're the men of the Airborne Corps

BEAUTIFUL DREAMER

Beautiful dreamer, awake unto me
Starlight and dewdrops are waiting for thee
Sounds of the rude world heard in the day
Lull'd by the moonlight have all passed away.
Beautiful dreamer, queen of my song,
List while I woo thee with soft melody
Gone are the cares of life's busy throng
Beautiful dreamer, wake unto me.

THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE

There'll be a change in the weather a change in the sea,
from now on they'll be a change in me; My walk will be
different my talk and my name, nothing about me is going
to be the same. I'm going to change my way of livin, if that
ain't enough then I'm going to change the way I strat my
stuff, 'cause nobody wants you when you're old and gray
There'll be some changes made today there'll be some changes
made.....

SHRIMP BOATS

Shrimp boats is a comin'
Their sails are in sight
Shrimp boats is a comin'
There's dancin' tonight.
Why don't-cha hurry, hurry, hurry home?
Why don't-cha hurry, hurry, hurry home?
Look, here the shrimp boats is a comin'
There's dancin' tonight
They go to sea with the vening tide
And their women folk wave their goodbye
"Ill sant vas, "there they go
While the Loosiana moon floats on high
And they wait for the day then can cry
Happy the days while they're mending the nets
"Til once more they ride high out to sea
"Ill sant vas, " there they go
Then how lonely the long nights will be
"Til that wonderful day when they see:
(REPEAT CHORUS)

SOLOMON LEVI

My name is Solomon Levi; at my store on Chatham street,
That's where you'll buy your coats and vests and everything that's neat;
I've second-handed ulsterrettes, and ev'rything that's fine.
For all the boys they trade with me at a hundred and forty-nine.

CHORUS

O Solomon Levi, Levi, tra la la la,
Poor Sheeny Levi, tra la la la la la la la la.
My name is Solomon Levi; at my store on Chatham Street.
That's where you'll buy your coats and vests and everything.
else that's neat;
Second-handed ulsterettes and ev'rything else that's fine;
For all the boys they trade with me at a hundred and forty-nine.

OH, DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS!

Oh, my golden slippers, am laid away,
Kase I don't 'spect to wear 'em till my weddin' day.
An' my long-tail'd coat, dat I love so well
I will wear up in the chariot in de morn
An' my long, white robe dat I bought las' June,
I'm gwine ter get it changed kase it fits too soon.
An' de old grey horse dat I used to drive
I will hitch up to de chariot in de morn.

CHORUS

Oh, dem golden slippers Oh, dem golden slippers.
Golden slippers I'm gwine ter wear,
Because dey look so neat;
Oh dem golden slippers Oh dem golden slippers
Golden slippers I'm gwine ter wear,
To walk the golden streets,
Oh my old banjo hangs on de wall.
Kase it ain't been tuned since way las' fall.
But de darkies all say we will have a good time,
When we ride up in de chariot in de morn.
Dere's old Brother Ben an' Sister Luce,
Dey will telegraph de news to Uncle 'Bacco-Juice,
What a great camp meetin' dere will be dat day.
When we ride up in de chariot in de morn.

CHORUS

Goodby children, I will have to go
Where da rain don't fall or de wind don't blow,
An' yo' Ulster coats, why, you will not need,
When you ride up in de chariot in de morn.
But de golden slippers mus' be neat an' clean
An' yo' are mus' be jes' sweet sixteen,
An' yo' white kik gloves you will have to wear,
When you ride up in de chariot in de morn.

CHORUS

I'VE STAYED TOO LONG

(Tune: I Wonder Why)

We don't need MAAG advisors
We just take tranquilizers
We've been here long enough to know.

We don't need supervisors
We don't need fertilizers
We just need to get away from here.

We've been down in the Delta
Where we've sure had to swelta
We just need to get away from here.
We can really hardly wait
To get through that airport gate
We're not chicken, we're just all through.

I hear VC, but there's no one there
I find leaflets underneath my chair
I've got hash marks on my underwear
I've stayed too long, I've stayed too long.

I count hamlets in my dreams at night
Too much nuouc mam's spoiled my appetite
I'm just one great big mosquito bite
I guess I've lost the fight
I've stayed too long.

SMOKE GETS IN YOUR EYES

They asked me how I knew my true love was true, I of course
replied something here inside cannot be denied, They said
some day you'll find all who love are blind but I smiled and
said when your heart's on fire smoke gets in your eyes.
So I chaffed and as I gaily laughed to think they could
doubt my love yet today my love has flown away I am without
my love. Now laughing friends deride tears I cannot hide
When a lovely flame dies you must realize SMOKE GETS IN
YOUR EYES.

OH, HAIL TOM BOWEN, CAPTAIN AND AIDE

Oh, Hail Tom Bowen, Captain and Aide;
Just the other day he was heard to have said,
"I've been a Lieutenant five long years;
My lonely one bar has brought me many tears.
I work and I slave and what do I get;
The rank of a great big First Lieutenant."
But, now his sorrows have ended, for a Captain he has made;
Oh, Hail Tom Bowen, Captain and Aide.

OLD BLACK JOE

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away
Gone from this earth to a better land I know
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

CHORUS

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low;
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe!"

Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain;
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
Grieving for forms now departed long ago,
I hear their gentle voices, calling, "Old Black Joe!"

CHORUS

PEG OF MY HEART

Peg o' my heart, I love you; Don't let us part, I love you
I always knew it would be you, since I heard your lilting
laughter -- It's your Irish heart I'm after Peg O' my Heart
Your kisses make my heart know what bliss is Come be my
own, Come make your home in my heart...

BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

We marching to the field, boys,
We're going to the fight.
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
And we bear the glorious stars,
For the Union and the right,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

CHORUS

The Union forever, Hurrah. Boys, Hurrah.
Down with the traitor, up with the star;
For we're marching to the field, boys,
Going to the fight.
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We will meet the rebel host boys,
With fearless hearts and true,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
And we'll show what Uncle Sam has
For loyal men to do,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

CHORUS

If we fall amid the fray, boys,
We'll face them to the last,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.
And our comrades brave shall hear us,
As they go rushing past,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

CHORUS

Yes, for liberty and union we're springing
To the right,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;
And the vict'ry shall be ours,
For we're rising in our might,
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

CHORUS

THAT'S THE WRONG WAY TO TICKLE MARIE

That's the wrong way to tickle Marie,
That's the wrong way to kiss,
Don't you know that over here, lad,
They like it best like this?
Hooray pour la france.
Farewell, Angleterre.
We didn't know the way to tickle Marie,
But we've learned how over here.

BLESS 'EM ALL

They say there's a troopship just leaving Bombay,
Bound of Old Blighty shore.
Heavily laden with time expired men,
Bound for the land they adore.
There's many an air-man just finishing his time,
There's many a twirp signing on,
You'll get no promotion, this side of the ocean,
So cheer up my lads, bless 'em all.

CHORUS

Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all.
The long and the short and the tall.
Bless all the sergeants and the double-u ones,
Bless all the corporals and their blinkin' sons,
Cause we're saying goodbye to them all,
As back to their billets they crawl,
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,
So cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all.

They say, if you work hard you'll get better pay,
We've heard it all before;
Clean up your buttons and polish your boots,
Scrub out the barrack-room floor.
There's many a rookie has taken it in,
Hook, line and sinker an' all.
You'll get no promotion this side of the ocean,
So cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all.

"BALLAD OF PACHYDERMS"

From out of the South the heroes arose,
In funny looking birds with elephants on the nose;
They left from Bearcat, up into the sky,
And found a home at Hue Phu Bai

CHORUS

10, 20, 30, 40 sorties all gone,
3 ZULU called up with 20 add ons;
One ship flying-one engine gone,
Pachyderm 6 says "OUTSTANDING-PRESS ON"

Out on the sand they made their homes,
In tents and bunkers they lived all alone;
It was not by the ocean but was easy to reach,
The name of the place they called Pachyderm Beach.

CHORUS

At the heliport after a time,
All the ships were there except 109;
Then one day the phantom came,
Carter and Nettles were the pilots of fame.

CHORUS

Out on the berm they built a club
For a beer cooler they used an ice tub;
They needed a name, so they had a big talk,
And decided upon The Elephant Walk.

CHORUS

Every few days they have a big spree,
With steaks, and booze, and everything's free;
Most of the pilots can stagger back home,
But a while back they left the bartender all alone.

He drank 10, 20, 30, 40, whiskies or more,
Ole Chuck Childress was rolling on the floor;
The old man walked in and tried to end his spree,
But turned and walked out in misery.

One day Wade was scheduled to fly,
He started it up and began to cry;
He suddenly remembered what he forgot,
To bring along a lemon drop.

CHORUS

A bird was killed in a tent one day,
And Mr. Zloovers had to pay;
A trial was held, here at the club,
Sentenced to Sydney, Ah there's the rub.

CHORUS

Why oh why on a maintenance run,
Did you have to have your fun;
A safer place you could have found,
So to the A Shau, CPT Mikols you're bound.

CHORUS

There was CPT Cox and his muscle machine,
Walking around he tried to look mean;
But if he ever got into a fight
He'd run and hide behind CPT Fite.

CHORUS

Major Carter is on his way,
Back to the good ole USA;
At his home he'll finally unwind,
For RC Cola is easy to find.

You'll never believe what I heard today,
Ole Pachyderm 6 was heard to say,
"COL if I have, 10 aircraft or none,
I'll tell you this much, you'll get only one".

CHORUS

Then to the beach came a maintenance team,
At our parties they could shout and scream;
Among them one could be heard above all,
The Pachyderms called him, The Polak Paul.

THOSE WEDDING BELLS ARE BREAKING UP THAT OLD GANG
OF MINE

Not a soul down on the corner
That's a pretty certain sign
Those wedding bells are breaking up that old gang of mine,
All the boys are singing love songs,
They've forgotten "Sweet Adeline",
Those wedding bells are breaking up that old gang of mine.
There goes Jack, there goes Jim
Down to lover's lane.
Now and then, we meet again,
But things don't seem the same.
Oh, I get a lonesome felling
When I hear those church bells chime,
Those wedding bells are breaking up that old gang of mine.

BALLAD OF FLIGHT PAY

Tune: Ballad of the Green Berets

Silver wings upon my chest
Fly my chopper above the best
I can make more dough that way
But I can't wear no Green Beret

Tennis shoes upon his feet
Some folks call him Sneaky Pete
Sneaks around the woods all day
And wears that Sloppy Green Beret

It's no jungle floor for me
I've never seen a rubber tree
A thousand men will take the test
While I fly home and take a rest

And as I fly my chopper home
I'll leave him out there all alone
But that is where Berets belong
Deep in the jungle writing songs

When my little boy is grown
Don't leave him out there all alone
But let him fly and give him pay
Cause he can't spend no Green Beret

When my little boy is old
His silver wings all lined with gold
We'll also wear a Green Beret
In the big parade on St Patrick's Day

PRIVATE JOHN McDAY

Oh I'll never forget the day that I went away to camp
The sun was hot an I drank a lot and I nearly died of cramp
I was very nearly certain that I would have died that day
And the only thing that saved me was when the band began to play --

CHORUS

Shure, he's a braugh, braugh Highland lad
That Private John McDay
There's not a finer soldier like him in the Scotch Brigade
He was raised among the heather, you can tell he's Scottish built
By the wig, wig, wiggly-wiggly, waggle of his kilt

Oh, I'll never forget the day we were ordered on review
The King came down to see us and the queen was with him too
An the king and queen came down the line in royal carriage red
Why the queen put on her royal specs, an she looked at me and sed -

CHORUS

THE DOG FACED SOLDIER

Third Infantry Division Song

I wouldn't give a bag of beans,
For all your fancy pants marines.
I'd rather be a dog-face like I am.

I wouldn't trade my old OD's,
For all the navys dungarees,
Cause I'm the fighting pride of Uncle Sam.

Now all the posters that I read said,
"The Army builds men. "
So now they're tearing me down,
To build me over again.

I'm just a combat soldier,
With a rifle on my shoulder.
And I eat a Red for breakfast,
Everyday.

So feed me ammunition,
To keep me in condition.
Your dog-faced soldiers, O. K.

ALOHA-OE

Now our golden days are at an end;
The parting hour is coming soon;
And we think while swift the moments pass,
How delightful has been our friendships boon.

Farewell to thee, farewell to thee,
Our golden days are coming to an end;
But we will hope for brighter days to come,
When friend shall meet with friend.

Farewell to thee, farewell to thee,
Thou charming one who dwells in shaded bowers;
One fond embrace e'er I depart,
Until we meet again.

I LOVE YOU TRULY

I love you truly, truly, dear
Life with its sorrow, life with its tears
Fades into dreams when I feel you are near,
I love you truly, truly, dear.

Ah, love 'tis something to feel your kind hand,
Ah, love 'tis something, by your side to stand;
Kind is the sorrow, kind doubt and fear
I love you truly, truly, dear.

Love you may take me, love I am yours;
Never to forsake thee, my heart endures
All of the anguish, your hopes and your fears,
I love you truly, truly, dear.

SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

East side, west side, all around the town
The tots sing ring-around-Rosie,
London bridge's falling down.
Boys and girls together,
Me and Manie O'Roke
Tripped the light fantastic
On the sidewalks of New York.

A SILVER DOLLAR

You can take a silver dollar and drop it on
the ground,
And it'll roll, because it's round.
A woman never knows what a good man
she's got
Until she turns him down.
So listen, my honey, listen to me,
I want you to understand
As a silver dollar goes from hand to hand
So a woman goes from man to man.

SUCKING CIDER THROUGH A STRAW

The prettiest gal that ever I saw
Was sucking cider through a straw.
I told that gal, I didn't see how
She sucked cider through that straw.
Then cheek to cheek, and jaw by jaw,
We sucked that cider through that straw.
And all at once that straw did slip;
I sucked some cider from her lip.
And now I've got a mother-in-law
From sucking cider through a straw.

IN THE EVENING

In the evening in the moonlight, you can hear those darkies singing;
In the evening in the moonlight, you can hear those darkies singing;
How the old folks would enjoy it, they would sit all night and listen;
As we sang in the evening by the moonlight, la-da-do-da.
In the evening, la-da-do-da, by the moonlight, la-da-do-da,
You can hear those darkies singing, la-da-do-da;
In the evening, la-da-do-da, by the moonlight, la-da-do-da,
You can hear those banjos ringing, la-da-do-da;
How the old folks would enjoy it, they would sit all night and listen
As we sang in the evening by the moonlight, la-da-do-da.

I WISH I WAS SINGLE AGAIN

I wish I was single again,
I wish I was single again,
Oh, when I was single, my pockets would jingle;
I wish I was single again.

I married me a wife, oh then;
I married me a wife, oh then;
I married me a wife, she's the curse of my life,
I wish I was single again.

I went to the funeral, and danced Yankee Doodle,
To think I was single again.

I married another, the devil's grandmother,
I wish I was single again.

She beat me, she banged me, she thought she
would hang me,
And I wish I was single again.

She went for the rope, when she got it, 'twas
broke,
And I wish I was single again.

I wish I was single again,
I wish I was single again, etc.

Now listen, all you young men, (repeat)
Be good to the first, for the next will be worse,
I wish I was single again.

(softly) I wish I was single again,
I wish I was single again, etc.

TWELVE DAYS IN RANCH HAND (Tune: Twelve Days of Christmas)

On my first day in Ranch Hand, my foreman gave to me,
A province he said to plumb tree.

...second day... Two smoking engines...
...third day... Three Goddamn lifts...
...fourth day... Four runs through A shau...
...fifth day... Five weeks at DaNang...
...sixth day... Six slopes a'sleeping...
...seventh day... Seven Purple Hearts...
...eighth day... Eight ship formation...
...ninth day... Nine nozzles leaking...
...tenth day... Ten clicks of rubber...
...eleventh day... Eleven hist by .50's...
...twelfth day... Twelve days to go...

SPRAY ON, SPRAY ON HARVEST RICE (Tune: Shine on Harvest Moon)

Spray on, spray on harvest rice, go get that crop!
People say that this is escalation, and it's really got to stop.

Bertrand Russell says that this is not for you.
So spray on, spray on harvest rice, for Abie and Thieu.

I'M A YOUNG RANCH HAND (Tune: Cowboy's Lament or Streets of Laredo)

I'm a young Ranch Hand, a rowdy young Ranch Hand
I spray all the flowers until they do die.
I spray in the valleys, I spray in the mountains
I spray and I spray as long as I fly.

I spray up at Hoi An, I spray in the Delta
I spray the whole country to help the G. I.
I spray it with blue and I spray it with orange
Get my purple provider as I say good-bye.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE FLOWERS GONE?

Where have all the flowers gone, long time passing?
Where have all the flowers gone, long time ago?
Where have all the flowers gone?
Sprayed by Ranch Hands every one.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the Ranch Hands gone, long time passing?
Where have all the Ranch Hands gone, long time ago?
Where have all the Ranch Hands gone?
Sprayed by .50's every one.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the .50's gone, long time passing?
Where have all the .50's gone, long time ago?
Where have all the .50's gone?
Sprayed by (fighter's call sign) every one.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

Where have all the (fighter's call sign) gone, long time passing?
Where have all the (") gone, long time ago?
Where have all the (") gone?
Drunk with Ranch Hands every one.
When will they ever learn? When will they ever learn?

BATTLE HYMN OF THE RANCH HANDS

My eyes have seen the Ranch Hands as they start a spray on pass
Dropping to low altitude as .50's come through the glass
They've got one hand on the throttle
And the other on a bottle
Of Pabst Blue Ribbon beer.

Glory, Glory what a hell of a way to spray
Glory, Glory what a hell of a way to spray
Glory, Glory what a hell of a way to spray.
And I hope to do it again another day.

BLOWING IN THE WIND

How many hectares can a Ranch Hand spray, before it all blows away?
And how much rubber can a Ranch Hand kill, before Uncle Sam has to say?

CHORUS

The answer my friends is blowing in the wind,
The answer is blowing in the wind.

How many smokes can a Ranch Hand throw, before the fighters can strike?
And how many hits can a Ranch Hand take, pretending it's something
he likes?

CHORUS

How much Mateus can a Ranch Hand drink, at the Da Nang Ranch-in?
And how many clubs can a Ranch Hand wreck, on only a bottle of gin?

CHORUS

390TH TEW SONG

Hi, Ziggy, Ziggy, fat little piggy, Blue Boar,
The F-4 is a fat whore without a bomb door.
Two engines to go, to see Uncle Ho,
And a tanker to feed her when dry. Suck, suck, suck.

Hey MIGgy, MIGgy, I'm a little piggy, Blue Boar,
With your belly up, you're a sitting duck, Oh shit! I missed.
It's back through the flak, with you on my back,
And a seat that is covered with crap. Crap, crap, crap.

See the missiles come, you're a lousy bum, SAM site,
Hope the burners light, we don't want to fight, Knock, Knock. Bat shit!
We'll drop all the bombs, on North Vietnam,
We're going home empty tonight, Dump, Dump, Dump